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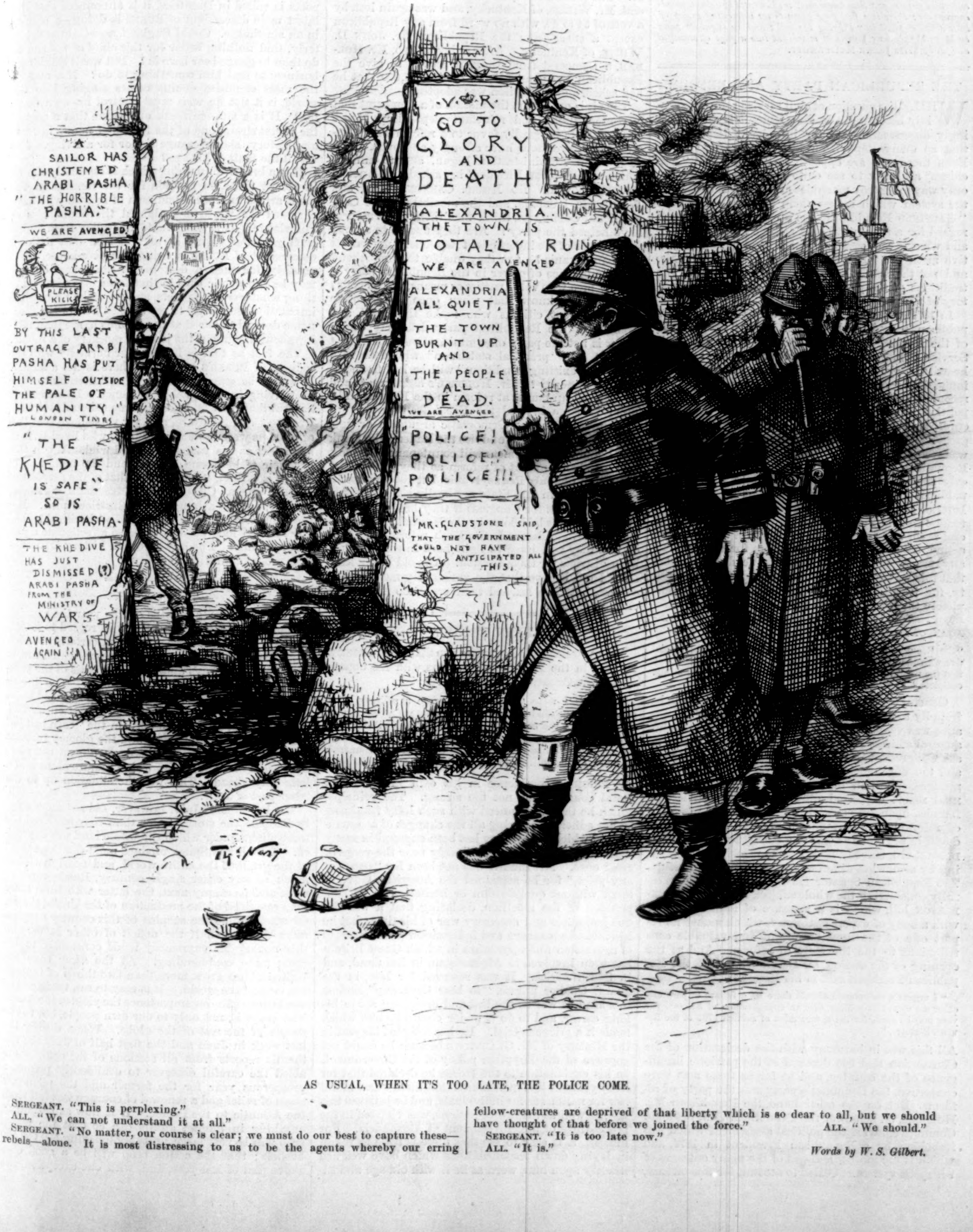

AS USUAL, WHEN IT'S TOO LATE, THE POLICE COME.

SERGEANT. "This is perplexing."
ALL. "We can not understand it at all."
SERGEANT. "No matter, our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these—rebels—alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force."
ALL. "We should."
SERGEANT. "It is too late now."
ALL. "It is."

Words by W. S. Gilbert.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 143, published July 25, contains Part I. of a capital story by MR. W. O. STODDARD, *entitled "Up the Creek," illustrated; Chapter XVII. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," illustrated; "How They Helped the Deacon," by* ADA CARLETON STODDARD; *and a short Sketch by* MR. DAVID KER, *entitled "The Minute-Hand of the Clock."*

"Sea-Anemones," by MISS SARAH COOPER, *is both instructive and entertaining;* MRS. HELEN S. CONANT *contributes an interesting sketch of "St. Elizabeth of Thuringia"; and* MR. ALLAN FORMAN *tells the boys how to make themselves useful to the ducks and fishes by "Trapping Torups."*

The art work in this number of YOUNG PEOPLE *is especially brilliant and attractive. The portrait of St. Elizabeth is from a celebrated painting; "Sea-Anemones" is illustrated by delicate wood-engravings; there is a full page given to an interesting group of little folks engaged in "Playing Doctor"; and an exquisite poem by* MISS MARGARET JOHNSON *is worked into a page of beautiful designs by* MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

WHILE the question of civil service reform is rapidly becoming a leading issue, it is an exceedingly disagreeable fact for intelligent Republicans that so many Republican leaders are afraid of it. Even those who are opposed to "bosses" and "machines" are slow to see or to acknowledge that the only way to destroy machines and bosses is to destroy the system which makes them possible. The term "GARFIELD Republican" has no significance beyond regard for a man, until it is attached to a principle, and what is that principle but reform of administrative methods? The Republicans who demand this, and not the spoils Republicans, are holding to the traditions of the party, as a short glance at the history of the party will show.

In 1871, Congress, which was overwhelmingly Republican, passed the law which is now section 1753 of the Revised Statutes, under which law the Civil Service Commission was constituted. The law was heartily approved by a Republican President, who immediately put it into force, formally adopted the recommendations of the Commission, and forbade political assessments. The rules were never really enforced, but by directing public attention to the gross abuses of appointments and removals, some good was accomplished. Conscious of a growing sentiment, Republican National and State Conventions have ever since declared strongly for reform, and the Republican Administration of President HAYES, in the Interior Department at Washington and in the Custom-house and Post-office at New York, and by general favor and sympathy, although not by consistent action, actually accomplished more for reform than any preceding Administration. We do not assert that this was done with the hearty support of the party, for it was not, but nevertheless it proved completely the practicability of reform. The last Republican National Convention, despite the terrible FLANAGAN, of Flanagan's Mills, declared solemnly that

> "the Republican party demands the co-operation of the legislative with the executive department of the government, to the end that the reform of the civil service shall be thorough, radical, and complete."

General GARFIELD, the candidate, was known to be friendly to reform, and although his letter of acceptance was vague in its allusion to the subject, his inaugural address stated unequivocally his intention to ask Congressional legislation to regulate official terms and to secure official tenure. The Republican Postmaster-General in the GARFIELD cabinet in his annual report expressed unreservedly his conviction, founded upon long official experience, of the necessity of reform. The Republican Senator DAWES introduced in the Senate a bill as a substitute for the PENDLETON bill, embodying the same principle, and seeking by somewhat different methods the same result. The Republican Senator HAWLEY'S committee, carefully considering the whole subject, reported the PENDLETON bill, which is a measure of radical reform, with a body of expert testimony, which makes its report one of the most important and valuable contributions to the literature of reform. And at the opening of the session, on December 6, 1881, the Republican President said in his Message:

> "I urgently recommend, should there be a failure to pass any other act upon this subject, that an appropriation of $25,000 per year may be made for the enforcement of Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes."

All this was in harmony with the declaration of the Convention and the demand of the patriotic intelligence of the country, and so far as these acts were concerned, the Republican party was the party of reform. But, on the other hand, the Republican Mr. HUBBELL, on behalf of the Republican Congressional Committee, levied the political assessment which was forbidden by a Republican President in 1872, and which is the most iniquitous of the many outrages of the spoils system. Called to account for this offense, the Republican members of the committee attempted an excuse by asserting, in the teeth of the perfectly familiar truth and of conclusive evidence, that the levy was an invitation for voluntary contributions. The discussion interested the whole country. The subject became at once the most prominent of public questions, and the condemnation of the committee's action was universal in both parties, except with a part of the Republican press. In the midst of the excitement the Republican Mr. BAYNE, of Pennsylvania, moved in the House of Representatives the appropriation of $25,000 for which the Republican President had asked. The motion was ridiculed by the Republican Mr. JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois, and the Republican Mr. HENRY S. NEAL, of Ohio, the last of whom is, like Mr. HUBBELL, a member of the "Select Committee on Reform of the Civil Service." Excepting Mr. BAYNE, not a Republican supported the President's request, and it was denied by a Republican House by a vote in Committee of the Whole of 41 to 35. The motion was renewed for $24,000 by a Democrat, Mr. WILLIS, of Kentucky, and was again lost, by a vote of 54 to 40, with no word from any Republican except a sneer from the Republican Mr. JOHN D. WHITE, of Kentucky. After a day or two, Mr. HOLMAN, a Democrat from Indiana, moved to give the Republican President $15,000 of the $25,000 that he had asked, and the motion was adopted.

Thus it is only upon the motion of a Democrat that a contemptuous and reluctant Republican House shows a little niggardly favor to a reform which Republican conventions have strongly approved, and a Republican Administration begun, and to enforce which a Republican President has asked a pittance of $25,000 in vain. Do Messrs. CANNON, NEAL, and WHITE, Mr. HUBBELL and the members of the Congressional Committee, think that their performances have helped the party? Are they unable to see the significance of the independent Republican movement in Pennsylvania? Are they unable to comprehend that the balance of power in the Republican party is held by men who value parties as means, not as ends? Do they not know that when once the resolute and intelligent citizens who make the heart and strength of the Republican party definitely decide that it is not the party of administrative reform, that moment the "practical statesmen" who deal with "real and existing conditions" will be left floundering in a minority? Mr. HUBBELL'S assessments and the Republican taunts at reform in the House will be found to have injured the Republican party very much more than any Democratic argument or vote during the session. We advise the leaders who think that Republican reformers will countenance the most flagrant abandonment of reform as they understand it to watch not only Pennsylvania, but Massachusetts. The reformers in that State are busily asking Republican candidates for Congress if they hold to Republican doctrine as laid down by the Massachussetts Convention, which demands thorough reform. If they do not, they will have to fight hard in some Republican districts for their election. The old Whig leaders did not believe that the antislavery men were in earnest, but they learned their error too late in the election of 1844.

JOHN BRIGHT.

IT is now nearly thirty years ago that JOHN BRIGHT, taunted in the House of Commons with his opposition to the Crimean war, said, finely:

> "Even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice raised amid the din of arms and the clamors of a venal press, I should have the consolation—which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of blood."

Mr. BRIGHT'S confidence in his own firmness and moral courage was not too strong. The principle which he then announced with such lofty frankness he has adhered to during all the changes of a generation, in which his country has been engaged in many "small wars," and been perilously near the verge of great ones. Mr. BRIGHT has not been for "peace at any price," for he sustained the American Government without qualification or hesitation in its suppression of the rebellion, declaring that it was the one justifiable and necessary war of his time; but he has looked with scorn and indignation upon the wars of aggression and oppression in which Great Britain has been involved in Afghanistan, in Zululand, and in South Africa. It was reserved for him, in the quaint Quaker phrase, "to bear testimony" against this kind of war as the last and crowning act in his long career, and to do it under circumstances which made it a grievous trial. He has resigned his seat in the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE because he could not approve of the Egyptian policy of the Government. In his explanation to the House he declared that for forty years he had maintained that there was a moral law for nations as for individuals, and he believed this law, as well as the law of nations, was violated in the proceedings of the Government at Alexandria. For himself, it is easy to see that there is little to regret in laying down responsibilities which have weighed heavily upon him, worn as he is with old age and illness and the weariness of long service; what is hard for him is the withdrawal of his support from the great leader with whose ideal of public policy he has had such intimate sympathy, and in whose labor of reform he has taken so earnest and so efficient a part. But Mr. BRIGHT'S conscience has been rendered exacting by many years of unquestioned sway, and he yields to it this last and great sacrifice with the unfaltering devotion that he has so often shown. It is almost certain that his retirement from the cabinet is practically his retirement from active political life, and it is a fitting finale to what may, without exaggeration, be called a majestic career. He has before faced prejudice and misrepresentation and calumny for his convictions, and now, what is far more difficult for him, he faces the possibility of weakening a cherished cause and wounding a beloved leader.

THE LAST MALE HEIR OF BURNS.

WHILE still another statue of the greatest of Scotch poets is raised in Dumfries, it is announced that the latest male descendant of BURNS is dying—a pauper in an almshouse. Could England, says CARLYLE, bitterly, find nothing better for this child of the sun to do than to gauge beer barrels? But was it England's business to find him something to do? If a man of the most exquisite genius comes singing into the world, is it not he who must control his own destiny? It is a strange freak of fortune that a poet of the purest strain, one of the few chief names in literary history, should gauge liquor for a living. But was it the fault of his age?

It is a beautiful impulse, which is especially shown in recent times, to provide for the families of the great artists and poets and men of science who have charmed the world or enlarged the boundaries of knowledge. It is shocking to the feeling from which such generous giving springs to hear that a lineal descendant of BURNS is dying in a poor-house. Yet possibly for such a descendant the truest charity may be the public care in that form. We know nothing whatever of the facts, and we make no possible imputation, but better to see the last heir of the great name decently housed at the public charge than reeling about the streets, the jeer and mockery of a rabble.

The fact as told is in singular harmony with the sadness of BURNS'S story, and there is not a sadder. It would be strange to hear of a descendant of the poet living in respectable affluence. It seems but natural that all who bear his name should share the weakness of his nature, and yet we believe that two of his sons were most worthy men, who lived lives as blameless as his was stormy and wild. When this last heir of his name is gone, and the male line of BURNS is extinct, it will be like that of the greatest of English poets, CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, SPENSER, MILTON, and of a long list of illustrious men. But the name itself—is any more fondly cherished? For any man so long dead is there so affectionate a personal feeling? For any career in history is there at once more admiration and pity?

THE CROPS.

DURING the early months of this year the country was puzzled, doubtful, and timid in regard to its immediate future, because of the uncertainty which hung over the prospects of the crops, which are to an extent not always understood the basis of the prosperity of every branch of business. The heavy floods in the Mississippi Valley, the long cold rains in the middle Western States, the almost entire failure of the first planting of corn in the "corn belt" of Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, and the gloomy forecast in respect to cotton, produced an almost complete stagnation of those affairs which require plans laid a long way ahead. This was the situation up to the latter part of June.

The hot suns of July, however, did not more surely dissipate the storm-clouds than they scattered the forebodings under which the whole land was depressed. The United States produce more than one-third of the grain of the entire world, and nearly twice as much as any other single country, Russia ranking next, and Germany next, the latter with little more than one-third of the production of the United States. Of wheat alone the surplus of this country supplies more than one-half the deficit of other lands, and this remarkable supremacy tends constantly to become more commanding. At the same time the United States grow more than two-thirds of the cotton crop of the world. It is easy to see, therefore, of what overwhelming importance the yield of the American crops is, not only to our own people, but to the people of the rest of the globe. When during the last week in June and the first half of July the authentic reports from all sections of the country enabled the careful observer to confidently predict a prosperous year for the farmer and the planter, a sense of relief and a renewal of courage was felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is now as certain as anything in human affairs can be that the wheat crop will be very large, probably touching 500,000,000 bushels; that the cotton crop will be a good one, above that of last year, and, with one exception, the

largest in ten years; that corn—that imperial product, which far outstrips all others, and sustains our important exports of meat—will be nearly an average crop, in spite of the dangers which beset it in the spring. In addition to this encouraging prospect, there is the probability that the disturbances in Egypt, threatening the safety of transport by the Suez Canal, and possibly preventing the turning of the waters of "the Mother Nile" into the irrigating canals, may not only materially diminish the cotton product of Egypt, but may interrupt the shipments of both cotton and grain from the East Indies. It is not a humane thing to rejoice in the troubles of others; but the people of the United States may be allowed to cherish a proper degree of gratitude that difficulties like those which menace the valley of the Nile can not seriously impoverish Europe so long as the heavens smile on the American fields. The greatest achievement in the financial history of the world—the easy and complete resumption of specie payments by the United States in 1879—was made possible by short crops in Europe and abundant crops here. A similar state of things this year will confirm the marvellous prosperity of this country, for which the millions of Europe will certainly be none the worse.

GENERAL CURTIS SENTENCED.

By the unanimous judgment of the Circuit Court of the United States, Judges Wallace, Benedict, and Brown sitting, the statute under which General N. M. Curtis was convicted has been declared valid, and General Curtis has been sentenced. The decision is important and interesting, and the opinion, prepared by Judge Wallace, is a very fair, cogent, and complete vindication of the constitutionality of the law. The statute itself, it must be remembered, is of very limited scope, and by no means sufficient to eradicate the gross abuse of political assessments, against one phase of which it is directed. It simply forbids executive officers or employés of the government, not appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, to request or receive from, or to give to, any other officer or employé of the government any money for political purposes.

But limited as the statute is in its operation, it involves certain powers of Congress which are exceedingly important, and the assertion and maintenance of which by a judicial decision of more than usual authority, rendered in a case peculiarly favorable to sophistical presentation, must be accepted as a valuable victory for the cause of reform. The language of the Court is comprehensive:

"The power to prohibit acts of officers or employés which are incompatible with the proper discharge of their duties, or which impair the efficiency or tend to demoralize the public service, is essential to promote the end and object of government, and this power resides in the legislative department of the government."

And again:

"We can not affirm that Congress transcended its discretion in prohibiting transactions between officials which create the relation of donor and donee, and introduce party interests into the public service; nor that Congress erred in assuming that the influences springing from this relation and these interests should be discouraged as liable to deflect the independence and impartiality which must rule official intercourse."

As a matter of fact, Congress, in the statute under consideration, only prohibited "co-operation between officials in the raising of funds for political purposes," but it is a fair inference from the language of the decision that Congress could also, if it chose, forbid payments for political purposes by all government employés, since the giving or refusing of such payments, used to maintain the employés' superiors in office, is extremely "liable to deflect the independence and impartiality which must rule official intercourse."

But it remains true that while the power of Congress to forbid such payments is indirectly sustained by this decision, the root of the evil can be cut up only by a system of appointments for ascertained merit without regard to political considerations.

THE HILLSDALE CREW IN ENGLAND.

It is doing John Bull, in his capacity of sporting man, and possibly in various other capacities as well, no injustice to say that he is fond of what is called a sure thing. Sometimes, to be sure, he miscalculates, as in the case of the Transvaal Boers, but his purpose is generally manifest. The history of international rowing in England illustrates this propensity of Bull, which is vividly exhibited in the latest episode of that history—the treatment of the Hillsdale crew.

Before American oarsmen had acquired the art of rowing, English oarsmen were as glad to see them as if they had been a helpless party of Afghans, or an Alexandrian mob under the guns of an impenetrable British ship. They were welcomed, and taken in, and beaten, and no questions were asked. Not until Columbia had shown that it had a better four than any college in England were any questions raised as to the eligibility of American crews to English regattas. But from that moment the whole aspect of affairs underwent a sudden and radical change. Before the visit of Columbia, American eligibility had been eligibility for defeat; when it became evident that it might very probably mean eligibility for victory, the whole case was altered. It became necessary to institute a rigid examination into the social and aquatic status of oarsmen who, it was believed, could row objectionably fast.

This examination has been undertaken in respect of the Hillsdale crew, and it has been decided that they row too fast; or, as the British oarsmen prefer to put it, that they are not amateurs. This examination has been conducted in a very shabby, and, we are pained to add, in a characteristically British way. The only decent ground which can be taken in such a matter is to follow the rule of the country the candidate comes from, whether it accords or not with the rule of the country in which he seeks to row. It is quite safe to assume that American amateurs are no more enamored than English amateurs of rowing against professionals in disguise, and that they will not admit disguised professionals to amateur races. But to the governing body of the English amateurs (and a wonderful body it seems to be) the certificate of the American Amateurs' Association was not enough. They insisted on going behind the certificate, to inquire, not whether the oarsman, being an American, was an American amateur, but whether, if he had been an Englishman, he would have been an English amateur. But at least the English judges, or censors, or whatever they may be called, were within their rights. The Hillsdale crew, however, had, it seems, prepared themselves to withstand the British test, and they insist that they are amateurs according to the official definition of the British censorship. The British censors deny this claim, but they have not had the manliness to publish their objections in such a form that, if unsound, their objections can be shown to be unsound. They have simply declined to "take the responsibility" of asserting that the Hillsdale crew was an amateur crew. In other words, they have issued a dispensation from rowing the Hillsdale crew to every British crew that feared it might be beaten by the Hillsdale crew.

There can be no dispute that this is shabby; there can be as little that it is British. If the Hillsdale crew was thought in England a slow crew, it could have made many matches, even under the decision of the censors. It has not thus far succeeded in making one. It is not so satisfactory to receive a man's confession that you can beat him as it is to beat him; but such satisfaction as can be had by the former process the Hillsdale crew is entitled to enjoy. On the other hand, it seems to be less unsatisfactory to the British amateur mind to admit that a man can beat you than to be beaten by him. For practical purposes the English definition is that if an American oarsman rows fast, he is a professional; if he rows slow, he is an amateur. American amateurs should therefore either stay away from England, or qualify themselves for English regattas by notorious lack of speed.

SPECIAL EDUCATION IN COLLEGES.

A proposition was made at the late Teachers' Convention, and urged with some force, to establish chairs of pedagogics in colleges. This proposition is taking, but it seems to us to arise from a misconception of the purpose of colleges, or even of universities, which are not places of special but of general education. Every year or two there are demands for chairs of "journalism" in colleges, fortified, as this demand for chairs of pedagogics is, by a showing of how many persons yearly take up the occupation, and how important it is that they should be adequately prepared for it. But, as John Stuart Mill said in his address at St. Andrews, "Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood. Their object is, not to make skillful lawyers, or physicians, or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings." It is well, as Mill goes on to say, that there should be special schools for these special purposes, but a place of general education is only injured in its primary character by making these special studies a part of its curriculum. The State of New York has recognized the importance of teaching teaching by establishing normal colleges and schools for that purpose, and every improvement that can be made in the organization or the administration of these will be a public advantage. But it is doubtful whether the function of the public in the matter might not properly be limited to securing the permanence of employment in teaching, and setting a high standard of proficiency, to be proved by a strict examination, leaving the candidates for teacherships to prepare themselves for this examination in their own way. This is the method that has been followed with success in the English civil service, and in the Indian civil service. It has been found there, and it would doubtless be found in our own school system, that the demand for enlarged facilities of special education would create its own supply.

NOT ON PLEASURE BENT.

General Barrios, the President of the republic of Guatemala, has landed on our shores. Previous to his departure he announced to his fellow-countrymen that he was "not bound on a voyage of pleasure." On the contrary, he has come to "arrange the frontier question pending with Mexico." "Inspired by the antecedents, affinities, necessities, and self-respect of two sister republics," he wishes "efficaciously so to act that in an honorable and conciliatory manner, to the satisfaction of both, and without the national pride being slighted, this unhappy question shall be settled, which has so long occupied public attention, and which might dispose us [them] at one time or another to forget what we owe to our [their] mutual friendship." This is a very beautiful declaration; but when we come to test the value of the observation by "the application on't," as the lamented Cuttle would say, its charms fade. For what President Barrios really wishes is that the United States shall take the strip of territory which Mexico claims, and he has even intimated that if the United States do not do this, the precious slice will be offered to "some European power." To which the natural answer—which we hope will be very promptly and plainly given—is, that any other power that may wish this Guatemalan morsel is welcome to it, but that for ourselves we have neither appetite nor digestion in that direction. Our relations to Mexico are at best sufficiently delicate, and they would not be improved by snapping up a coveted bit of distant ground on her southern frontier for the avowed purpose of keeping it from her.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Arthur Gilman, who died at Syracuse on the 11th inst., will be widely lamented in New York and Boston, where his fine talents and varied accomplishments and acquirements caused him to be held in the highest esteem. In his profession as an architect he was noted for exceptional ability. The Capitol of New Hampshire, at Concord, the new court-house at Boston, and many other public edifices, and numerous mansions in different parts of the country, are fine examples of his taste and skill. He was thoroughly versed in the history and literature of his profession, and was a frequent and always welcome contributor to magazines and the daily press on matters connected with it. As a companion and *raconteur* he was very brilliant. Indeed, there was perhaps no man in New York whose gifts in this respect were more remarkable. A rare classical scholar, as well as familiar with modern literature, his tenacious memory enabled him to lighten up everything he talked about; and he possessed a fund of anecdote, and was so genial and lovable in his wit and conversation that his company was sought by the good and the cultivated wherever he went and wherever he dwelt. During his protracted illness the beauty of his character was notably illustrated. His serenity and patience were never disturbed. His firm reliance upon the truths of religion and his deep attachment to the Episcopal Church were the solace of his last hours, as indeed they had been during his whole career. Those who knew him will hold his memory in affectionate remembrance.

—Senator Brown, of Georgia, one of the wealthiest members of the United States Senate, has just presented to the University of Georgia an endowment of $50,000, the interest of which is to be used in educating poor students.

—According to Mr. Labouchere, of the London *Truth*, the collections in the London churches on Hospital Sunday showed in the rich parishes very different results from what was received on Hospital Sunday in the opulent congregations of New York. In London the four largest offertories were in St. Michael's, Chester Square; Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; Chapel Royal, St. James; and Chapel Royal, Savoy. The four smallest collections were at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.

—Mr. Edmund Yates, in the London *World*, says that "even on Sunday the Princess of Wales is ever ready to do some kind act toward those who regard a sight of her as one of the red-letter days of their lives, and so this week H.R.H. with her daughters attended the Children's Flower Service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and then, laden with flowers and fruit, proceeded herself to the Children's Hospital to distribute them to the patients. Such a wealth of fruit and flowers I never saw as was literally piled up in the chancel of the church when all the small people had left their offerings; nor did I ever see such crowds of lovely little faces, who, no doubt, in a few years' time will be among the London beauties of their day."

—Mr. Frederick Marquand, whose name and business were familiar as household words to those who fifty years ago were in active life in New York, died on the 14th inst. at his residence in Southport, Connecticut, aged eighty-four. For thirty years he was the prominent jeweller of the city, and in 1852 retired with a large fortune, leaving as his successors Messrs. Ball, Black, & Co. After ceasing from active pursuits, he devoted himself to the interests of various charities, carefully investigating cases of distress, and offering aid with the utmost delicacy. His aversion to having his good deeds made public was very great; so much so that he once became estranged from a clergyman in this city who had prepared a list of Mr. Marquand's charities, which he proposed to read in a eulogistic sermon. He never talked of the work to which the latter part of his life was almost exclusively devoted.

—Secretary Folger put the right man in the right place when he appointed Captain Frank R. Baby, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, president of the board to examine plans and inventions for use at life-saving stations, in place of the late William R. Garrison. Captain Baby has also been elected vice-president of the New York Club, and City Chamberlain J. Nelson Tappan president, as successor to Mr. Garrison.

—Bishop Freppu, of Angiers, France, in an eloquent protest against the proposed removal of the crucifixes from halls and courts of justice, says: "The cross of Christ is in its place in front of the accused and above the head of the judge, to inspire resignation in the one and impartiality in the other. Throughout the world the cross is the immortal symbol of law, justice, truth, devotion, sacrifice, and all the great principles which are the honor and the force of civilization."

—A romance in little gets into the papers from Connelsville, Pennsylvania, where a man of forty-five, known as Edgerton Davis, employed in the carpenter shop of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, has just been informed that by the death of an uncle he has become Earl of Ellesmere, with an income of $250,000 a year. Soon after his arrival in this country, some years ago, he lost what little money he had, and since then has tramped over the United States, getting a scanty living as best he could. At Connelsville he officiated as a coal-heaver, and learned the trade of a carpenter. He was educated at Eton, has a good address and prepossessing appearance. On the 14th inst. he left Connelsville for England, to assume his title and take possession of his estates.

—Mr. Eliot Gregory, lately of "the American Colony" in Paris, has taken a studio at Newport, Rhode Island, for the season. He is a young artist of talent and promise.

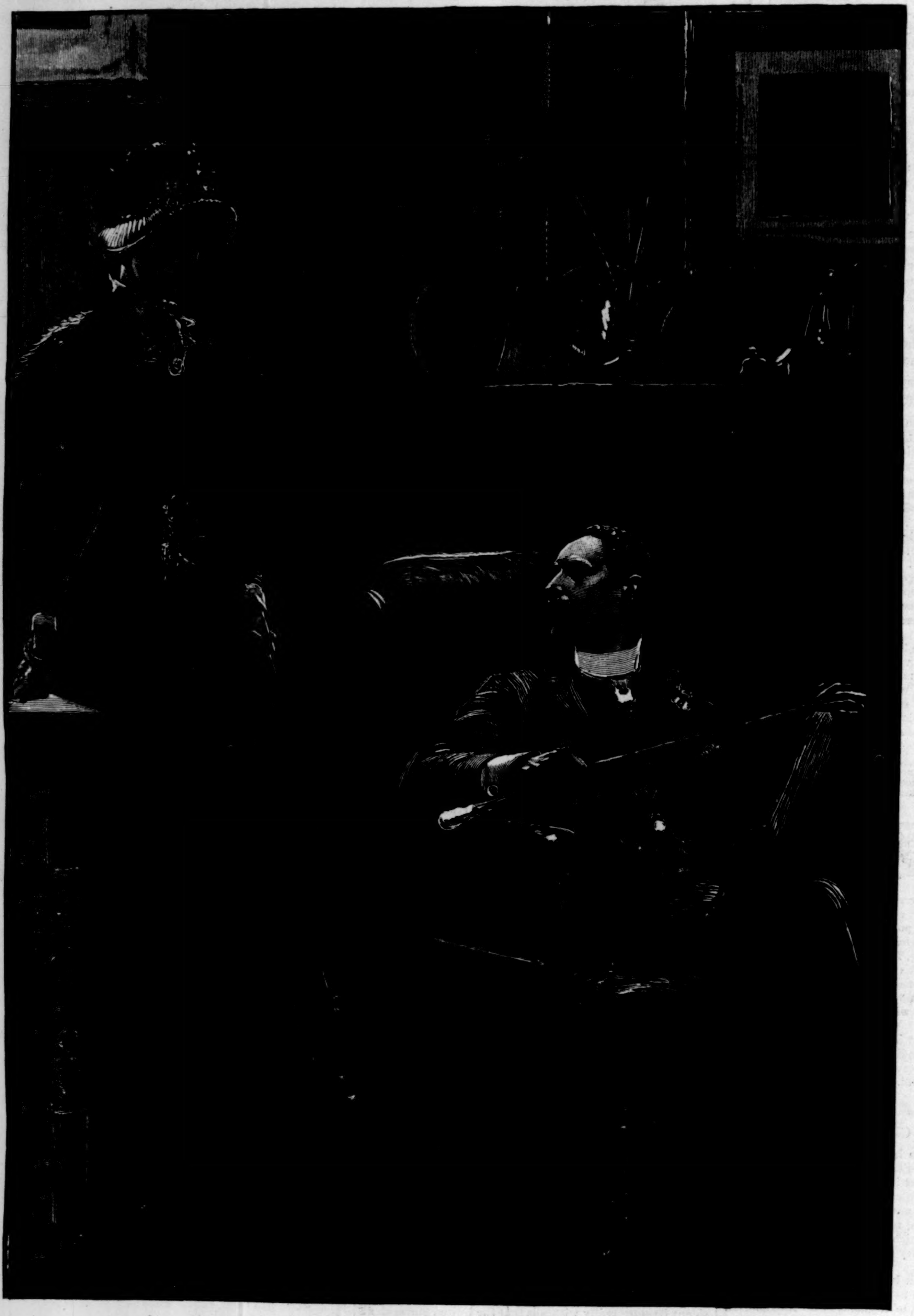
—Mr. Anthony Trollope is about to enter upon a new branch of literature. He is preparing a biography of Lord Palmerston.

—Mrs. R. W. Emerson headed with $100 the subscription started in Boston a few days since for the benefit of the widow of John Brown.

—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge lately paid this remarkable tribute to Lord Justice Holker: "Certainly, if sense and learning, if vigorous understanding and accurate language, if strong grasp of facts and principles, if transparent honesty of purpose, if sweetness of temper, and unwearied courtesy, and consideration for every human being who came in contact with him—if these things are—as they are—great qualities of a judge, these great qualities he had in the largest and amplest measure."

—When the Duke of Sutherland was visiting us recently he went to the remarkable line of farms owned by Colonel James Young, at Middletown, Pennsylvania. He was delighted, and admitted that he had expected to see no such agricultural perfection in the United States. The Colonel's crops now out embrace 310 acres of wheat, 410 of grass, 280 of corn, 270 of oats, 24 of tobacco, 21 of potatoes, etc. There are eleven farms, and full sets of farm buildings, thirteen barns, and the whole body embraces 1440 acres of land, running along the pike two and a half miles. The last year there were 243 head of fat cattle. The herd of Alderney embraces forty-six pure-bred animals, a number of them imported. Colonel Young has recently been offered $3000 for five cows. The animals are groomed and cleaned like race-horses. The Duke gave a cordial invitation to Colonel Young to visit him in England and partake of his hospitality.

—Mr. Lewis H. Redfield, who died a few days since at Syracuse, New York, aged eighty-nine, was the oldest printer and editor in the State, and was for nearly half a century a conspicuous figure in the politics and journalism of Central New York. Without being particularly noted for those qualities and qualifications which in the present time are deemed essential in a first-class journalist, he had that strong sense, practical ability, and independence of character that insured for him the public respect and much local influence. In early life he gave employment to Thurlow Weed, to which that veteran makes frequent allusion when speaking of olden times; and the late Lewis Gaylord Clark was one of his apprentices. He was a sturdy upholder of his order, remarking, on one occasion, "I always regarded journalism as a means for controlling other men, and not one for letting other men control you." Mr. Redfield's remains were interred at Oakwood Cemetery, and on a plain slab will be cut the words—chosen by himself—"Lewis H. Redfield, printer. A worn and battered form, gone to be recast more beautiful and perfect."



"HE WAS SITTING IN HER EASIEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIR."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," ETC.

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER VI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE interview with Violet must be held sooner or later, because, from the very nature of the things to be said, they could not possibly be written. One may have no conscience—many men certainly have no conscience; but few men are destitute of common-sense, and there is generally some caution in wickedness. Again, to put down in black and white—which may be read by anybody—an offer to your wife that she may, if she please, go and marry some one else, provided you are allowed the same liberty, would be, besides a very imprudent thing, a thing which might go straight to the head, and lead to repentance before the deed. This kind of repentance is regrettable, because it sometimes ends in preventing the crime altogether. Yet one wonders why it has not been preached up more. Again, if you go and make such an offer in words, you may be able to dress it up in flowers and figures of fancy, so that by persuasive art its great wickedness may be concealed, and its general advantages alone remain in sight. Now, the general advantages of a clean slate are obvious to all.

Guy knew his wife's address, because it was the old one. He knew that she still lived with Paul Perigal, as she had done in former days. He called at the house the next morning at twelve. Miss Lovelace was not returned from the theatre; he would wait for her. No; he would not give his card. Miss Lovelace would see him when she came home.

He walked upstairs with the air of a man who knew his way about the house, and went into the drawing-room.

A young lady—rather a pretty girl—rose as he came in.

"Pardon me," said Guy, astonished; "I am waiting to see Miss Lovelace."

The girl gathered up some work.

"I will tell her," she said. "Perhaps she will not be home for half an hour. But Mr. Perigal will be back immediately."

"I do not want to see Mr. Perigal at all," said Guy, rudely. "May I ask, if you please, who you are?"

"I am the boy's governess and companion"—it was, in fact, Elsie—"and at present he is asleep."

And then she knew, by the change in her visitor's face and the sudden look of resemblance, to whom she was talking.

"I will go," she said, hastily; and fairly ran out of the room.

"A governess!" He had forgotten the boy. "Already a governess. Yes; he must be in his sixth year. By gad! And Violet has got on." He looked about him. The room was hung with bright curtains; there were flowers in the window; it was papered and painted in the new style; on the walls were pictures, some of them good; there were choice cups and all kinds of pretty things in cabinets. "She *has* got on. In the old days there was a ragged carpet here, and it was the girls' school-room, where she learned to act; and a table with marks of beer, and pipes on the mantel-shelf; and an old man in a shabby coat."

"I think—oh! Mr. Perigal, don't go upstairs. I think"—cried Elsie, below, in great agitation—"it is her husband come back again. A tall man, with dark eyes. When I said I was the governess, he scowled. Shall I go upstairs and watch beside the boy? Shall I call a policeman?"

"I will beard him," said the actor, solemnly.

When the door opened and the old man appeared, Guy perceived that he was transformed as well—that is, his coat was no longer shabby. Violet's success meant new coats and new boots for her old friend—it would also, let us add, have meant honorable retirement to her father, the carpenter, and her mother, the dresser; but they would have died out of harness—and new furniture for the house, and newness and brightness generally, with a good deal of champagne, which Paul regarded, just as the young man of the present day, as the drink of the gods. The old man also had a beautiful new wig, curly, well combed, and as black as when he was freshly entering upon the thirties. Also his eyebrows were beautifully pencilled, so that, if he could have hidden the crow's-feet and shaken a more jaunty leg, he might have passed for forty.

"Oh!" said Paul, recognizing him. "You are the man, are you? You are—the—man." He spoke with a hissing breath between every word, which is one way, and very effective too, of expressing contempt.

"What the devil—" began Guy.

"You are my Violet's husband; and a pretty husband too. You desert her a year after you married her; you send her back without a penny in her pocket for her baby and herself; you leave her for five years; and when she makes her mark and begins to command her price, you come back to stand in with her. That is the kind of man, sir, you are."

It was remarkable about Paul Perigal that, even when in deepest earnest, he used old catch-words of the stage. Sometimes they were so very old that they had long since lost their force.

"Good Lord!" said Guy, taken completely aback at this unexpected charge. He expected to be accused of cruelty, and of neglect, and desertion; but it did not occur to him that his visit would be construed into an attempt to live upon his wife's salary. Yet the suggestion gave him a hint, which he was not slow to act upon. They were afraid that he would claim a husband's rights over her money, were they? Good.

"We are no longer, however," Paul Perigal went on, "without defenders. We have friends. It is no more a question of one old man—nobody but myself—standing between the serpent and his victim-che-yild." He really was quite desperately in earnest; but he had personated virtuous indignation so often on the stage that in real emotion he naturally fell back upon the language of melodrama. "We have but to raise our hands, and all London would rise in defense of its favorite, the fair and accomplished Violet—my pupil—your innocent victim—Mr.—Mr.—Marryer-under-false-names!"

"You are an old fool!" said Guy.

What Paul would have said in reply one knows not. While he was gathering himself together for the effort of retort, Violet herself burst into the room. She heard down-stairs that a gentleman was waiting for her, and she divined who her visitor might be.

"How dare you come to this house?" she asked, with resolution in her eye.

"I see," said Guy, slowly—he was sitting in her easiest and most comfortable chair, and did not go through the formality of rising for purposes of greeting or courtesy—"I see that success has not changed your temper."

"Daddy," said Violet, quietly, "leave us alone. No, I am not in the least afraid of the man, I assure you." She shut the door after him, and then, standing beside the table, looked her husband in the face, not defiantly, but as one who has the command of the situation.

"I want to talk to you, quietly, and without heroics. If you please to listen—"

"Go on," said Violet. "The very sight of you fires my blood; but go on—go on—let me hear you."

"What I have to say shall be brief. When we parted it was on the understanding that we should never at any time trouble one another again."

"It was. Then why do you come here?"

"You told me to go my way, and you would go yours."

"I did. I have gone my way. It has been a hard and toilsome way; but I have won what I wanted."

"Very good; I shall not seek to disturb you in the possession of anything that you may have won if you agree to my proposition. I have gone my way too. But I have not been so fortunate as you. I have lost what I hoped to win."

"Oh!" She meant to imply that she cared nothing at all whether he won or lost.

"I am now," he continued, "a perfectly ruined man. There is nothing left. I have raised money on my reversionary interests till they are mortgaged to the hilt. I have debts which must be paid somehow—debts of honor. There is one way by which I can pay those debts."

"What do your debts concern me?"

"They might concern you very seriously. Of course you know that, as your husband, I have the right to draw all your pay."

Violet turned pale. That was what Paul had told her.

"Draw my pay! But we are separated."

"That makes no difference, unless we are separated under a bond and agreement, which is not the case. However, the question may not arise. I only mentioned it to show that my creditors might, if they pleased—"

"Go on."

"There is, I said, one way only out of the difficulty. It is nothing for you to consent to; in fact, you will be the greatest gainer by it—which is why I expect you to agree—and yet it is everything for me. Tell me, is there the least chance of any present or future reconciliation between us?"

"Never—never—never." Her resolute lips were set firm. She

"THEN THEY HUNTED AMONG THE OLD BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY."

meant it. The wounds inflicted on her by this man were still fresh in her memory. She would never forget them.

"Quite so. And what I expected—and hoped. Yes; hoped, by Jove!" he said, in the hard and cruel tones which had formerly maddened her.

"We regard each other," he went on, "with profound aversion. We do not wish ever to meet again, nor even to hear from each other. Is not that the case?"

"It is."

"Then, Violet," he said, springing to his feet, "make the separation complete. We were married in secret. We will be divorced in secret. I give you your liberty. Go; marry—if you please—and any one you please. I am sorry to have stood in your light so long. You are bound no longer; we are divorced."

He spoke rapidly, gesticulating with his hands. "You agree?" he asked.

She was carried away by his impetuous words; she was on the point of accepting the release offered her, when, fortunately, the old distrust of all he did or said came back to her, and she hesitated.

"You make me free," she said, "on condition of my making you free in return. Is that so?"

"Certainly. It is not a gift which I offer you. I have no gifts for you. The time of making gifts is past and gone long ago. This is a bargain."

"It is a bargain," she repeated. "If I accept it—"

"If you accept it," he interposed, "you will be free to make any match you please among your numerous admirers. No one will know anything of the past; nobody need know. I was married as plain Richard Johnson, you in your own name of Emily Hicks. The only witnesses were your own father and the old actor. They can be squared, I suppose. Who would identify Richard Johnson with me? Who would find Emily Hicks in Violet Lovelace?"

"I should be free to marry again. But suppose I do not want to marry again?"

"Hang it! you will some day."

"And you—if I accept—will also marry again?"

"Yes; I shall marry a woman with money."

"Do you love her?"

"What has that got to do with the thing? She has money; I want money."

"Yes." She was trying to put the matter quite clearly before herself. "And if I do not accept?"

"Then many things will happen to you—and to me—and you will discover that the bond of husband and wife may lead to disagreeable surprises. Come, Violet, do not be revengeful, even if I seem at first to have the best of the bargain. In the long-run—"

"And when he grows up—when the boy asks me who was his father—what am I to say?"

"'Richard Johnson, gentleman, deceased.' Poor Dick! Wipe your eyes. Call him Johnson. Show the boy your marriage lines. Speak tenderly of his father."

"And the boy's rights?"

"What rights?"

"Your heir's rights—what of them? No; when the boy is of age he shall know the truth."

Guy pondered. When the boy came of age. That would be in sixteen years' time. Sixteen years. The curate who had married them had long since forgotten the obscure couple who stood before him one cold day in November. The witnesses, Paul Perigal, and Hicks the carpenter, would most certainly be dead in sixteen years. Who was to identify him with Richard Johnson? Who could prove that the Richard Johnson, the undoubted husband of Violet, was himself—Guy Ferrier? And as for letters from him, there was not one—he remembered with infinite satisfaction—not one, because he had never written her a single letter.

"I agree," he said, softly and persuasively, "to acknowledging the boy as my heir, when he is of age. Till then you can keep him out of the way. Now, Violet, once more consider my proposal. Let me go free; let me marry without creating any scandal; go and marry yourself, if you like. If you do this, you will have the boy to yourself; you can bring him up anyhow you please. When he is of age, but not before, tell him that he is to be the next Lord Ferrier. Bring him to me, and you will be heartily glad that—"

"What kind of things will happen to me?" she asked.

"First of all, there will be an almighty smash. Then, everybody will know that the beautiful Violet Lovelace is the wife of the man who has smashed, and his creditors will include her money in the estate."

"And the boy—oh! the boy?" she cried.

"A man is always allowed to have the custody of his boy at the age of seven. The boy is now, I suppose, about five. I shall most certainly, if you do not accept my terms, take away the boy as soon as he is seven years of age. Understand me quite clearly. I am not at all the man to be moved by your crying and tears. The boy shall be mine as soon as he is seven years of age."

The mother's cheek grew pale.

"There is no act of cruelty or wickedness," she said, "that you would not commit. But have my boy you shall not, so long as there is a house in England where I may hide him. What next will happen?"

"The boy will be the heir to a title, and nothing else."

"He is that already. For I suppose you will spend all the money there is."

Violet had never played in any piece where there had been mention of entail. She therefore knew nothing about the laws of real property. People have different opportunities and privileges of acquiring knowledge. An actress learns the secrets of the outside world by the parts she plays.

Guy was about to explain to her that it might be necessary to cut off the entail by consent of the tenant in possession, his father, and himself; but, as he saw that she knew nothing of the subject, he forbore.

"I will acknowledge him. I dare say we shall find a way out of the row about my second marriage, if there is to be any row. Is not this a fair offer? If you do not accept it, you will have to fight for your money and for your boy; because I will lay my hands on both."

"I must consider," said Violet, presently. "I do not know what traps you may be laying. I must consider. I will send you a reply."

"Nonsense!" he said, roughly. "What is the use of considering? The thing is perfectly plain. Nothing could be simpler. If you were to consider for a twelvemonth, it could not be plainer."

"No, I will not decide without consideration. I will send you a reply. Now, if you please, go."

"If you hate me, as I believe you do, Violet; if you desire never to see or hear from me again, you will accept."

"I do, from my very soul, desire never to see you again. I am a most unhappy woman because I ever fell in your way. Yet I will not accept your offer without further consideration. Listen! Do you hear that voice?"

It was the boy. He had awakened from his morning nap, and Elsie was bringing him, laughing and prattling, down-stairs, to have his dinner.

"That is your son's voice. Would you like to see him?"

"No." This evidence of the child's existence startled and alarmed him. "No, I do not wish to see the boy."

"I am glad I heard him, for he has made me very certain I can accept nothing at your hands without consideration. He reminds me, too—could I have forgotten it?—that your offer to me is a mockery. How should I marry, having to tell that boy his secret? How should I commit this dreadful crime that you propose and dare to look upon the boy and to tell him that secret? How could I bring upon the innocent child shame for his mother? That shame, at least, he shall never feel. I am an actress; that I can not help. Why, if I could help it, I would not, because it is my pride and joy. I do not think the boy will ever be ashamed of his mother's profession. If he is to be ashamed, it shall be of his father. So—I refuse your proposal."

"Violet, you are a fool; you do not know what you are doing—you do not consider— Remember, I do not use idle threats."

"Do what you like—what you can. I refuse your offer. Offer! It is no offer; it is not in your power to give me back my freedom. What a fool I was not to see that from the first! No one can. Nothing but death can cut that miserable tie. There is my answer. And now, if you please, go!"

"One moment, Violet. You can, if you please, set up your back and refuse your consent; but you had better not. Now I modify my offer. You will do as you like. I care nothing at all whether you marry or whether you do not. All I say is, let me do what I please without molestation or fear of interference. Yes, I know what you are going to say. Who is there who will tell you that the man you married six years ago has married again? Don't interfere with me, and then I will not interfere with you. If you stand between me and my proposed marriage, then—Miss Violet Lovelace, or Mrs. Ferrier, or whatever you call yourself—remember that you have a desperate man to deal with."

"And yet I will not promise anything. No, I will consider, before all, the rights of the boy. But I will think it over. If it were not for him, I would let you commit this crime without a word. Because of my boy, because I am a mother, I think not only of him, but of the other poor creature whom you are going to delude and lead into misery. Oh, Guy, if you could see yourself as those who know you see you! If you could see the miserable, contemptible figure you cut, when, no doubt, you think you are a gallant gentleman! Go; you are but a sneak and a coward."

He made no reply; but he went away. As he opened the street door he heard the voice of the boy again, shouting and laughing. But this did not soften his heart.

He walked westward, among the squares of Bloomsbury, thinking what he would do. He might break his engagement with Virginie and let the smash come, and await the consequences. He might go on with it and let Violet do what she pleased. That was the best thing to do. Probably she would do nothing. She would be too much afraid of his wrath to do anything. He could take the boy; he could spend her money; he could make himself infernally disagreeable. Yes, he would go on. She would submit. And as soon as these two witnesses to his marriage were dead he would snap his fingers at Violet and bid her do her worst.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

When the engagement was fairly and happily accomplished, Maude sat down and breathed more freely. If her brother was in debt and difficulties, her father knew nothing, and, for the present, need know nothing. Perhaps a turn might be taken for the better. Perhaps Guy might be influenced by a wife.

"I shall expect you," she told him, "to pay Virginie the attention she deserves. You must pretend to be in love with her, if you are not. Meantime leave her to me. I have already led her to believe you are a second King Arthur—Heaven forgive me! I must manage, somehow, so that the drop from imagination to reality may prove less than—than you have given me reason to expect."

"Do you think," he replied, sulkily, "that I shall cuff and kick her? Come, Maude, don't be gloomy. You egged me on. I didn't want to marry the girl. You ought to be happy about it."

"So I should be, Guy, if I could think that any happiness will come to any of us out of it. And it is my doing, whatever comes. Well," she sighed, "do not get into any fresh difficulties before your wedding day. And—oh! Guy, can you—can you keep away from the tables for a little while—only till the autumn?"

He laughed, but not cheerfully. Because he meant that he was not going even to try to keep away from the tables. It was not in order to abstain from the one thing he loved that he was going to run this frightful risk of marriage. Not at all. Quite the contrary. But then women are never reasonable.

When one reads how the Most Worshipful the Lord Mayor, and with him a following of amiable people, lift up their voices against the wickedness of the French in allowing Monaco to continue, one is reminded of a certain text about a mote and a beam, inasmuch as for every franc which is daily lost and won in that wicked peninsula ten thousand are daily lost and won in the hells of this most virtuous city of West London. Yet my Lord Mayor maketh no sign. If, indeed, hypocrisy be chiefly known in the condemnation of sins to which we are secretly addicted, or to which we feel no attraction, then, indeed, we are a nation of the most gigantic hypocrites—Patagonian hypocrites. We hold indignation meetings about the opium trade, and our people are being ruined, body and brain, by bad drinks worse than any opium; we hold up our hands at the buying and selling of slaves, yet we allow women to work twelve hours a day for four shillings a week; and by this underpayment of women's labor, our long hours of shops, and in a hundred other ways, we keep our white slaves, and grow rich upon their labor. All these things make one long for a prophet, because, if I understand the prophetic character aright, his most important function—a very uncomfortable one—was to make people see clearly their own wickedness, and the evil things lying under their very noses. No doubt Ahab, before Elijah came, was often indignant when he thought of the abominable wickedness of his Syrian neighbor, Benhadad.

As my Lord Mayor and his friends have not yet spoken on the subject, there exist, for the convenience of young men like Captain Ferrier, half a dozen clubs, where the noble game of baccarat, not to speak of écarté, picquet, napoleon, pitch and toss, loo, lansquenet, and many other ingenious devices for the exchange of money—the humbling of the mighty for good, and the exalting of the poor for a season—may be enjoyed. They are chiefly maintained by and for the gilded youth and the youth who are believed to be gilded. These young men of the modern time take their fling in a manner not unworthy of their ancestors, save that for punch they substitute champagne; and for beer, champagne; and for port, champagne; and that they do not laugh much, and are generally rather low in their spirits, and therefore need the stimulus of champagne at breakfast, and at luncheon, and at dinner, and at the chiming of the midnight hour, and at early matins. They "fling" in many directions; but for the present one has only to do with their favorite pastime of the midnight baccarat.

Guy's engagement at first brought him luck. Everybody knows how luck follows luck, just as misfortunes crowd thick upon each other. His tradesmen, whose name was legion, suddenly changed their front, and showed an amount of confidence which was exhilarating, and made him feel like buying everything; the men who held his promissory notes ceased to look anxious; the gentleman who had advanced him money on his reversionary interests began to consider prayerfully the subject of the marriage settlements; and, in addition, he had a steady flow of luck nearly every night. So that he really began to consider the girl who was the cause of all this as a most praiseworthy person, deserving of admiration.

He had to be seen with her a good deal in those early days, though, happily, his father took his place, and was never bored with Virginie's society, as he was himself, and was not wishing constantly to be back again tempting Fortune, as he did. It is not every engaged man who has a father willing to take so much arduous work off one's hands. Then Maude was useful; and between the two, Guy really found that a daily call, or perhaps a dinner, at Mrs. Hallowes's house, was quite as much as need be expected of a man.

Love-making under these conditions fell very, very far short of what poor Virginie expected. There was nothing in it, after all. She was engaged; her lover came most days to see her, and staid a quarter of an hour, and seemed anxious to get away again; if nobody was in the room he sometimes kissed her forehead coldly; he communicated nothing about himself, his pursuits, his reading, his ambition; nor was he in the least curious about her own—a humiliating thing for a girl, not to be thought worth a little curiosity.

It must be her task, Virginie thought, to make him believe her capable of his confidence. That would, doubtless, come in time. Meanwhile a little expression of feeling, a little ardor, a little warmth of manner, seemed wanting even to this inexperienced girl. In what a different voice had Tom—her "brother" Tom, as Mrs. Hallowes called him—told her that he loved her! Even the Professor, who owned that he must come after Tom, spoke of his affection for her with warmer voice and greater show of passion. But men are, doubtless, different; this man of reserve kept his deeper feelings in his own heart. Virginie would get at them in time.

"My dear," said Maude, smiling, though she looked anxious, when the girl confided these thoughts to her, "do not make an idol or a god of your husband. You know, in a sister's eyes, it is difficult for a brother to do wrong. But a wife is not a sister. You, who will be with him constantly"—Virginie's heart sank at the prospect, though she knew not why—"will find faults in him of which I know nothing. You will have to excuse them."

"Guy," she said, passionately, "have you no heart?"

"What is the matter now, Maude?"

"It is your neglect of that poor girl. What do you look for? A more beautiful woman? There are no more beautiful women."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Pretend that you are in love with her. I have no patience! Oh! But for one thing—but for my father's sake—I would break it off even now."

"Don't do that, Maude. Come, I will go and buy her something. It can't be paid for till after the wedding, so it does not signify."

"Oh, Guy"—his absolute inability to see what was wanted made her laugh—"one hopes you may make a better husband than lover."

For some reason he scowled and became moody; and that something was not bought. He remembered, in fact, that he was already a husband, and not successful in that profession; also that he had as yet received no letter of submission from Violet—a thing which he confidently expected. This made him feel ill-used.

Then Maude took Virginie with her to see The Towers, their country house. It was a splendid old place, worth seeing, if only for its age, for the memories of the many generations who had lived there, and for the accumulations of treasures forming part of the family history; a picturesque old place, many-gabled, built of warm red brick, standing among its gardens and trees; a stately and proud old place, fit home for an old English family.

"This," she said, taking her visitor to the rooms, "will all, some day, be yours, as it was your great-grandmother's. I hope you like this prospect, fair Châtelaine?"

"Oh," Virginie gasped, "Maude, it is wonderful!"

It is, indeed, truly wonderful to go over an old house belonging to an old family who have kept themselves and their things together. The family portraits, the books, the arms and armor, the furniture, the plate, the china, the very staircases and landings, the windows, the gables, the roof of the house, are all things that can not be bought.

"I have never felt before," Virginie whispered, "what it meant to possess ancestors. Here one feels what it may mean. All these things speak to us; they belong to us, but we belong to them. In this old place one seems to hear, day and night, the voices of the dead. They are calling to us to keep up the honor of the House."

"Yes," said Maude, "I feel the same thing every time I come here. It is the place of our ancestors. We are among them all. It can not be but that their spirits haunt the place which we all of us have loved so well. From generation to generation, from father to son, we have been English gentlefolk; not great statesmen or great generals, but we have taken our share and done our work. Not one but has kept the escutcheon spotless; not one who has disgraced—" Here she stopped, and her eyes filled with tears, because she thought of one who had already gone so far to bring sorrow and shame upon them, for whose sake she had done her best to bring sorrow and shame upon the girl with her.

Virginie took her hand, thinking that Maude's tears were due to her respect and love for her ancestors.

"It is a great thing, Maude," she said, "to belong to this House; it is a very solemn thing to marry the heir. Forgive me if I seem to think too little of it."

"No, dear, I was not thinking of that. See! here is a portrait of Guy as a child. Its companion is of a former Guy, Lord Ferrier, taken at the same age, in the time of Charles the First. Do you see the wonderful likeness in the boys? Yet there are two hundred years between them, and one is dust and ashes. There is another of the same Lord Ferrier, taken later on, after the Restoration."

That whole day they spent among the portraits and the family pictures. Maude knew all their histories, and Virginie, for the first time, learned the romance of a great House whose history has been preserved. It makes one weep to think how our middle-class people neglect their genealogies, so that they know nothing of their own people, and have no pride, and learn no lessons from the past. Can not something be done, my friends? Can we not write the annals of our own generation, each for his own family, so that, whatever the fate of our children and grandchildren, they, too, may feel that they have ancestors who lived, and loved, and hoped, and made a little success, perhaps, and died and were forgotten, as they, too, in their turn shall die?

"Oh!" cried the Creole girl, "my father told me so little of all these things."

"He did not know," said Maude. "No one knows except myself. My father knows something; Guy, nothing. The women of the House keep up its memories, not the men. That matters nothing, if they are true to their name and its ambitions."

Then they hunted among the old books in the library, and examined the tapestry, the collections, the engravings, and the heaps of things belonging to their ancestors still preserved in this strange and wonderful museum. Virginie returned to town strengthened as to her engagement. Her lover might be cold, but he was the heir; it was a great thing to marry the future master of The Towers.

Guy showed no interest in her visit, and seemed to care little for the old place of which his father and sister were so proud. "Could," asked Virginie—"could he be one of those who are deaf to the voice of the dead?"

Alas! He was deaf to every voice; he heard nothing, he saw nothing. If all his ancestors had appeared to him—ghostly phantoms pointing long fingers of warning, showing him the future that lay before him—he would have closed his eyes and gone on his way heedless. Other men, given to vices more repulsive, can listen to the voice of conscience or the calls of honor and duty. Drunkards get hot coppers and see triangles and rats and dogs, and repent, and bang their heads with their fists, and call themselves hard names. Wrathful men, who break the third commandment and the furniture, are ashamed when the fit is over. Envious men, backbiters, down-criers, have moments of sorrow when they feel mean. Even house-agents sometimes regret that they must always play the game so low. The gambler alone never thinks, or heeds, or feels any emotion for his fellow-creatures. He is concentrated in himself; he is self-contained; he feels no interest, has no anxiety, takes no part or share in anything save only the chances of the cards. The voices of the dead! If the voices of the living can do nothing for such men, what can we expect of the dead?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RETURN.

'Tis night-fall over the ocean;
A woman waits alone;
The sea, with its restless motion,
Repeats its dirge-like moan.
What are the billows saying?
Where do her loved ones roam?
Why is the ship delaying
To bring them to their home?

For joyful news in the morning
The lonely watcher heard,
For there in the early dawning
The steamer brought her word
That just outside of the harbor,
Upon the ocean wide,
Her captain's ship is anchored,
And waits the evening tide.

She knows there can be no danger:
The breeze is soft and warm
As if the earth were a stranger
To tempest, strife, and storm.
Where can her love be straying?
The sea is smooth and mild.
Her tender lips are praying
For her captain and her child.

The silvery waves are glistening
Beneath the starry light;
The wife and mother listening
Need fear no storm to-night;
The sea and the sky are blending
In close and warm embrace,
And the moon is softly bending
To kiss the ocean's face.

She sees the ship returning
Along that silvery track,
And her beacon light is burning
To guide the wanderers back.
The light waves gleam and glisten
Beneath the vessel's prow,
And the loving ears that listen
Hear eager voices now.

The good ship casts her anchor;
A small boat leaves her side;
Two well-known forms she watches
As toward the land they glide.
The oars are softly sounding,
A keel grates on the beach:
The ocean lies behind them,
And home and love they reach.

And now she springs to meet them;
Their feet are on the shore;
With loving arms she greets them,
And clasps them both once more.
Her soft sweet eyes upraising,
She holds her sailor's hand,
Her God so humbly praising,
That brought them safe to land.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "HARD CASH," "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," "FOUL PLAY," "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "THE WOMAN-HATER," ETC.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

"DID you look for my husband?"

"You may be sure of that, and it took me all my time to find him."

"Find him! He is alive?"

"Alive! Of course he is."

"Thank God! thank God!"

She was so overcome that Pinder and Deborah came to her assistance, but she waved them off. "No," said she; "joy won't hurt me. Alive and well?"

"Never better."

"And happy?"

"Jolly as a sand-boy."

"A sand-boy?" murmured Lucy, inquiringly.

Sarah's next question was uttered timidly and piteously—"Did he ask after us?"

Deborah cast an uneasy glance at Pinder. She was sorry her sister had asked that, and feared a freezing reply.

"Rather," said Varney. "First word he said was, 'How is Sarah and the kid?'"

"Bless him!" cried Sarah. "Bless him!"

Lucy informed the company that a kid was a little goat.

But her innocence did not provoke a smile. They were all hanging on Dick Varney's words.

"And what did *you* say about us?"

"Oh, well, I could only tell him what I hear of all sides, that you are doing his trade as well as your own. That Joe Pinder is your factotum. That you are as rich as a Jew, and respected accordingly."

"You told him that?" said Deborah, keenly.

"Those were my very words."

"And he didn't come back with you?" she asked.

"No."

"Then he must be doing well out there?"

"I shouldn't wonder; he was dressed like a gentleman."

"And he looked like one, I'll be bound," said his devoted wife.

"He didn't behave like one, then, for he gave an old friend the cold shoulder."

"What a pity!" suggested Deborah—"you that used to set him such a good example."

Pinder said that was not fair, and the man telling them all he could. Deborah said no more it wasn't, and if Mr. Varney would come with her, she would cook him a bit of this nice steak.

He said he should be very glad of it.

"But mind, there's no brandy allowed in this house. Can you drink home-brewed ale?"

"I can drink anything," said he, eagerly.

She showed him into the kitchen, but whipped back again for a moment. "There's more behind than he has told *you*," said she. "I'm a-going to pump him." She ran off again directly to carry out this design, and very capable of it she was: just the sort of woman to wait for him like a cat, and go about the bush, and put no question of any importance till he had eaten his fill, and drunk the home-brewed ale, which tasted innocent, but was very heady. This manœuvre of hers raised some vague expectations in the grown-up people, but Lucy's mind, as usual, fixed itself on a word.

"Pump him?" said she to Pinder. "How will she do that, *Factotum?*"

"Not knowing, can't say," was Factotum's reply.

"Like this, Factotum?" said she, and took his arm and pumped with it. "Good-by, Factotum," said she, for a new word was like a new toy to her; "I'm off to see the pumping."

Pinder laughed and looked at Sarah; but not a smile. "Why, you are not going to fret again?" said he. "You gave me your word to be happy if he was alive."

"And I thought I should at the time. But now I know he is alive, I know too that he is dead to me. Alive all this time, and not write me a line! I insulted him, and he hates me. I'm a deserted wife."

"And I am a useless friend. Nothing I do is any use." He lost heart for a time, and went and took a turn in the street, despondent, and for the moment a little out of temper.

She watched his retiring figure, and thought he had gone for good, and felt that she must appear ungrateful, and should wear out this true friend's patience before long. "I can't help it," said she to herself. "I can love but one, and him I shall never see again."

Never was her sense of desolation so strong as at that moment. She laid her brow on the counter, and her tears ran slowly but steadily.

She had been so some time when a voice somewhere near her said, rather timidly, "Sally?"

She lifted her head a little way from the counter, but did not look toward where the voice came from; it seemed like a sound in a dream to her.

"It is," said the man, and came quickly to her. Then she looked and uttered a scream of rapture, and in a moment husband and wife were locked in each other's arms.

At this moment Pinder, whose momentary impatience had very soon given way to compassion and pity, came back to make the *amende* by increased kindness; and Deborah, who knew every tone of her sister's voice, flew up from the kitchen at her cry of joy. But in the first rapture of meeting and reconciliation neither spouse took any notice of these astounded witnesses.

"My Jemmy! my own! my own!"

"My sweet, forgiving wife!"

"It is me should ask forgiveness."

"No, no! 'Twas the police drove me mad."

"To leave me for three years!"

"Do you think I'd have staid away three weeks if I had thought I should be so welcome?"

"What! you did not know how I love you?"

Then came another embrace, and at last Sarah realized that there were two spectators, one on each side of her, and those spectators not so much in love with the recovered treasure as she was. She said, "Come, dearest, joy is sacred," and drew him by both hands, with a deal of grace and tenderness, into the little parlor, and closed the door.

Pinder and Deborah looked at each other long and expressively, and by an instinct of sympathy met at the counter as soon as the parlor door closed, Deborah very red, and her eyes glittering, Pinder ghastly pale.

"Well, Mr. Pinder," said she, with affected calm, but ill-concealed bitterness, "you and I—we are two nobodies now. Three years' kindness of our side goes for nothing, and three years' desertion don't count against him. I've heard that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and now 'tis to be seen."

Pinder apologized for his idol. "She can't help it," said he. "But I can help looking on. I've seen them meet, after him abandoning her this three years, and what I feel this moment will last me all my time. I won't stay to watch them together, like the devil grinning at Adam and Eve; and I won't wait to hear him say that this business I have enlarged is *his*, the trade that he killed and I have revived is *his*, that the woman is *his*, and the child is *his*, and the money we have saved is *his*. No, Deborah, I'll give her my blessing and go, soon as ever I have put up those shutters for her, and it is about time. You will see Joseph Pinder in this place no more."

"What, you will desert her and all?"

"Desert her? That is not the word. I leave her when she is happy. I am only her friend in trouble."

"And not her friend in danger, then?"

"I see no danger just at present."

"Think a bit, my man. What has brought him home? Answer me that."

"Well, I can," said he. "There is plenty of attraction to bring any man home that is not blind, and mad, and an idiot."

"Ay," said she, "that is how you look at her; but it's him I want you to read. Why, it was three years since he left, but it's not a month since that Varney told him she was a rich woman, and here he is directly."

"Oh!" said honest Joe Pinder, "I see what you are driving at; but that may be accidental. Things fall together like that. We mustn't be bad-hearted neither. Why, surely he can't be so base."

"He is no worse than he was, and no better, you may be sure. Crossing the water can't change a man's skin, nor his heart neither, and I tell you he has come here disguised as a gentleman for the thing he came for disguised as a burglar."

Here she tapped the safe with the key of the kitchen door, which she had in her hand, and that action and the ring of the metal made her reasoning tell wonderfully. She followed up her advantage, and assured Pinder that if he did not stay and lend her his support, Sarah would soon be stripped bare, and then abandoned again.

"If he does," said Pinder, "I'll kill him, that is all."

"With all my heart," was Deborah's reply. "But you mustn't leave *her*. And then," said she, "there's *me*. You that is so good-natured, would you leave me to fight against the pair? To be sure, I am cook, and my kitchen is overrun with rats; and one penn'orth of white arsenic would rid the place of them and the two-legged vermin and all."

Pinder was shocked, and begged her solemnly never to harbor such thoughts for a moment.

"Then don't you leave me alone with my *thoughts*," said she, "for I hate him with all my heart and soul."

The discussion did not end there; and, to be brief, Deborah had the best of it to the end. Pinder, however, was for once doggedly resolved to consider his own feelings as well as Sarah's interests. He would go; but consented not to leave the town, and to look in occasionally just to see whether Sarah was being pillaged.

"But," said he, "if 'tis all one to you, I will come to the kitchen, not the shop."

The ready-witted Deborah literally and without a metaphor licked her lips at him when he proposed this, so hearty was her appetite for a *tête-à-tête* or two in her own kitchen with this Joseph Pinder; he had pleased her eye from the first moment she saw him.

She said: "Well, so do. 'What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve.' Leave him the shop, and you come in the kitchen."

With this understanding Pinder put up the shutters and went away, sick at heart. Deborah had half a mind to stay in her kitchen, so odious to her was the sight of her brother-in-law; and, besides, she was jealous; however, her courage was a quality that came and went. She was afraid to declare war on the pair, with nobody on the spot to back her. So she temporized; she took Lucy into the parlor to welcome her father. The child said, "How d'ye do, papa?" in rather an off-hand way, and was kissed overflowingly. She did not respond one bit, and began immediately to fire questions: "Why did you go away so long, and make mamma fret? Why didn't you write to her, if you couldn't come?"

Sarah stopped the rest of the cross-examination with her hand, and told Lucy it was not for her to question her father. Deborah never moved a muscle, but chuckled inwardly.

"What will you have for supper, now that you are come?" inquired she, with affected graciousness.

"Anything you like," said James, politely. "Don't make a stranger of me."

That evening the reunited couple spent in sweet reminiscences and the renewal of conjugal ardor.

Before morning, however, they had talked of everything—at all events, Sarah had, and being grateful to Pinder, and anxious to make her benefactor and her husband friends, had revealed the results of Joseph's faithful service and intelligence—the shop purchased, and £440 in the bank.

"At what interest?" inquired James.

"Oh, no interest. I am waiting to buy land or a good house with it."

James laughed, and said "that was England all over—to let money lie dead for which ten per cent. could be had in the United States on undeniable security."

When once he got upon this subject he was eloquent; descanted on the vast opportunities offered both to industry and capital in the United States; bade her observe how he had improved his condition by industry alone.

"But with capital," said he, "I could soon make you a lady."

"Lucy, you might," said she, "but I shall live and die a simple woman."

Finding she listened to him, he returned to the subject again and again; but I do not think it necessary to give the dialogue *in extenso*. There is a certain monotony in the eloquence of speculation, and the sensible objections of humdrum prudence. I spare the reader these, having sworn not to be trivoluminous.

It was about twelve o'clock next day when Pinder, whose occupation was gone, and *ennui* and deadness of heart substituted, found the time so heavy on his hands that he must come and chat with Deborah in her kitchen. He looked in; she was not there. So then he peeped in timidly at the shop window, and there she was in sole possession of the counter. Her qualifications for that post were as well known to him as to the readers of this tale, so he looked surprised.

"Why, where are they all?"

"In Cupid's Bower," said Deborah, repeating a phrase out of a daily paper. "Billing and cooing are sweeter than business."

"Where's Lucy?"

"You are the first that has asked. Well, she is asleep upstairs. My lady found herself neglected first time this three years, so she came and cried to me, and I took her in my arms and laid her on the bed. She's all right. Pity grown-up people can't go to sleep when they like and forget."

At this moment the parlor door opened, and Sarah Mansell, who had worn nothing but black these three years, emerged, beaming in a blue dress with white spots, and a lovely bonnet, all gay and charming. This bright vision banished Deborah's discontent in a moment. "Well," said she, "you *are* a picture." Sarah stopped to be looked at, and smiled.

"Well," said Deborah, "he has found a way to make us all glad he is come home."

Sarah smiled affectionately on her, and said she only wished she could make everybody as happy as she was.

"Why not?" said Deborah, playing the courtier to please her. "And where are you going so pert, I wonder?"

To the bank, to draw my money," replied Sarah, gayly.

Pinder and Deborah looked at one another.

"How much of it?" asked Deborah.

"Four hundred pounds," said the wife, brightly.

Pinder groaned, but was silent. Deborah threw up her hands.

"Oh, Sarah," said she, piteously, "do but think how long it has taken you to make that, and don't throw it into a well all at one time."

Sarah smiled superior. "I affronted him about money three years ago, and you see what came of it."

She was going out jauntily, neither angry nor in any way affected by her friends' opposition, when Pinder put in a serious word.

"Well," said he, "give him a good slice. But do pray leave a little for Lucy. You are a mother as well as a wife."

She turned on him at the door with sudden wrath to crush him with a word for daring to teach her her duty as a mother; then she remembered all she owed him, and restrained herself. But what a look flashed from her eyes! And the hot blood mounted to her temples.

Pinder was quite staggered at such a look from her, and Deborah shook her head. They both felt they were nullities, and James Mansell the master again. He let them know it too. He had been quietly listening on the stairs to every word they had said to his wife, and he now stepped into the shop and took up a commanding position on the public side of the counter, opposite Pinder and Deborah. They were standing behind the counter at some distance from each other.

It was Pinder he attacked. Said he, quietly: "Are you going to meddle again between man and wife? It didn't answer last time, did it?"

Pinder did not think it advisable to quarrel if it could be helped, so he said not a word.

But Deborah was not so discreet. "Why, you have allowed him to meddle this three years. *You* pillaged and deserted her; *he* interfered, and made her fortune. He doesn't meddle to mar."

Then Pinder spoke, but in a more pacific tone. "I don't want to meddle at all," said he. "But Deborah and I have done our best for you both, and I do think your wife's friends might be allowed to ask what is to be done in one day with the savings of three years." Before these words were out of his mouth Mansell registered a secret vow to get rid of him and Deborah both.

He replied, with the intention of galling them to the quick, "Well, I don't know that the master is bound to tell the servants what he does with his money."

"*Your* money?" snorted Deborah.

"Ay," said this imperturbable person. "My wife's money is mine. I thought I had made you understand that last time. Well, what I am going to do with my money is to invest it in American securities at ten per cent., instead of letting it lie idle in an English bank."

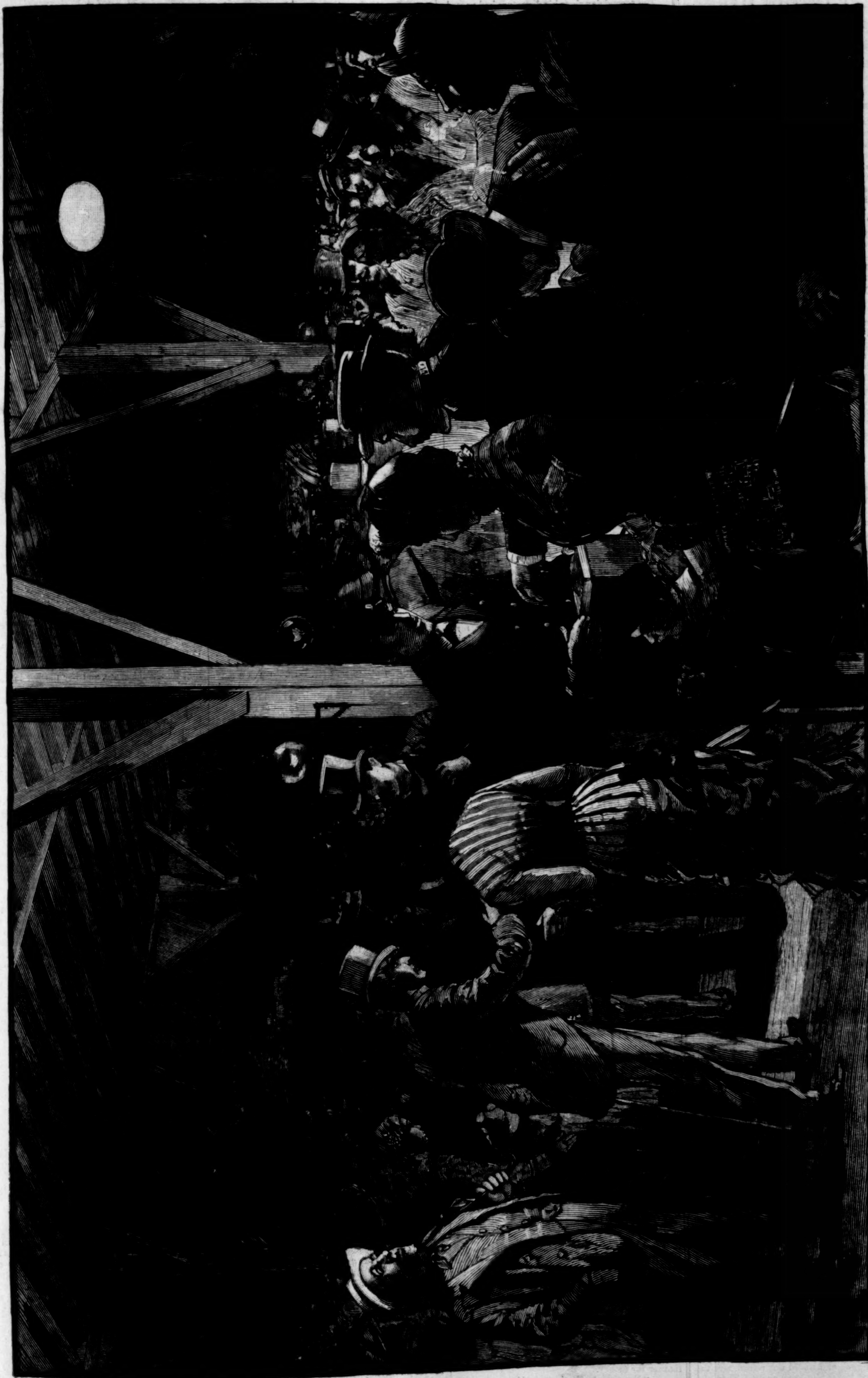
"Oh!" said Deborah. "That is the tale you have been telling her, eh? Well, I mean to tell her the truth. You are going to collar her money and off to America directly. Varney has been here, and split on you. You came for the money, not the woman."

She flung these words in his face so violently that even his brazen cheek flushed as if she had struck him; but ere he could reply, Sarah stood aghast in the doorway. "Oh dear! high words already."

Then James Mansell, who, in his way, was cleverer than any of them, recovered his composure in a moment, and said, quietly: "Not on my side, I assure you. But this young woman says I have come for your money, not for you. That's a pretty thing to bawl at a man for all the street to hear. Well, Sarah, I don't bawl at *her*, but I put it to *you* quietly—how can I live in the same house with people that hate me, and are on the watch to poison my wife's mind against me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GAME OF POLO.—DRAWN BY JAMES E. KELLY.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



ON THE IRON PIER, CONEY ISLAND—THE RUSH FOR THE LAST BOAT.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 475.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. WESTERN PREPARES TO LEAVE.

Cecilia, when she first read her husband's letter, did not clearly understand it. It could not be that he intended to leave her forever. They had been married but a few months—a few months of inexpressible love and confidence; and it was impossible that he should intend that they should be thus parted. But when she had read it again and again, she began to perceive that it was so: "Pray believe it. We have now parted forever." Had he stopped there, her belief would have only been half-hearted. She would not, in truth, have thought that he had been in earnest in dooming her to eternal separation. But he had gone on with shocking coolness to tell her how he had arranged his plans for the future. "Half my income you shall have." "You shall live here in this house, if it be thought well for you." "Your lawyer had better see my lawyer." It was, in truth, his intention that it should be so. And she had already begun to have some knowledge of the persistency of his character. She was already aware that he was a man not likely to be moved from his word. He had gone, and it was his intention to go. And he had declared with a magnanimity which she now felt to be odious, and almost mean, what liberal arrangements he had made for her maintenance. She was in no want of income. She told herself that she would rather starve in the street than eat his bread, unless she might eat it from the same loaf with him; that she would rather perish in the cold than enjoy the shelter of his roof, unless she might enjoy it with him.

There she remained the whole day by herself, thinking that something must occur to mitigate the severity of the sentence which he had pronounced against her. It could not be that he should leave her thus—he whose every word, whose every tone, whose every look, whose every touch, had hitherto been so full of tenderness. If he had loved as she had loved, how could he live without her? He had explained his idea of a wife, and though he had spoken the words in his anger, still she had been proud. But now it seemed as though he would have her believe that she was wholly unnecessary to him. It could not be so. He could not so have deceived her. It must be that he would want her as she wanted him, and that he must return to her to satisfy the cravings of his own heart.

But as time went on, her tenderness gradually turned to anger. He had pronounced the sentence, the heaviest sentence which his mind could invent against her whom he had made his own. Was that sentence just? She told herself again and again that it was most unjust. The fault which she had committed deserved no such punishment. She confessed to herself that she had promised to become the wife of a man unworthy of her; but when she had done so she had not known her present husband. He, at least, had no cause of anger with her in regard to that. And she, as soon as she had found out her mistake, and the man's character had become in part revealed to her, had with a terrible courage taken the bull by the horns, and broken away from the engagement which outward circumstances had made attractive. Then with her mother she had gone abroad, and there she had met with Mr. Western. At the moment of their meeting she had been at any rate innocent in regard to him. From that moment she had performed her duty to him, and had been sincere in her love, even as such a man as Mr. Western could desire—with the one exception of her silence. It was true that she should have told him of Sir Francis Geraldine, of her folly in accepting him and her courage in repudiating him. Day by day the days had gone by, and there had been some cause for fresh delay, that cause having ever reference to his immediate comfort. Did she not know that had she told him, his offer, his love, his marriage, would have been the same? And now was she to be turned adrift and thrown aside, rejected and got rid of at an instant's notice, because, for his comfort, the telling of her story had been delayed? The injustice, the cruelty, the inhumanity, of such a punishment were very plain to her.

Could he do it? As her husband had he a right so to dismiss her from his bosom? And his money? Perish his money! And his house! The remembrance of the offers which he made to her aggravated her wrath bitterly. As his wife she had a right to his care, to his presence, and to his tenderness. She had not married him simply to be maintained and housed. Nor was that the meaning of their marriage contract. Before God he had no right to send her away from him, and to bid her live and die alone.

But though he had no right, he had the power. She could not force him to be her companion. The law would give her only those things which she did not care to claim. He already offered more than the law would exact, and she despised his generosity. As long as he supported her, the law could not bring him back and force him to give her to eat of his own loaf, and to drink of his own cup. The law would not oblige him to encircle her in his arms. The law would not compel him to let her rest upon his bosom. None of those privileges which were undoubtedly her own could the law obtain for her. He had said that he had gone and would not return, and the law could not bring him back again. Then she sat and wept, and told herself how much better for her would have been that single life of which Miss Altifiorla had preached to her the advantages.

The second day since his departure had passed, and she had taken no step. Alone, she had given way to sorrow and to indignation, but as yet had decided on nothing. She had waited, still thinking that something would be done to soften her sorrow; but nothing had been done. The servants around her moved slowly, solemnly, and as though struck with awe. Her own maid had tried to say a word once and again, but had been silenced by the manner of her mistress. Cecilia, though she felt the weight of the silence, could not bring herself to tell the girl that her husband had left her forever. The servants no doubt knew it all, but she could not bring herself to tell them that it was so. He had told her that her checks on his bankers would be paid, but she had declared that on no account should any such check be drawn by her. If he had made up his mind to desert her, and had already left her without intending further communication, she must provide for herself. She must go back to her mother, where the eyes of all Exeter would see her. But she must, in the first instance, write to her mother. And how could she explain to her mother all that had happened? Would even her own mother believe her when she said that she was already deserted by her husband for ever and ever because she had not told him the story respecting Sir Francis Geraldine?

On the third morning she resolved that she would write to her husband. It was not fit, so she told herself, that she should leave his house without some further word of instruction from him. But how to address him she was ignorant. He was gone, but she did not know whither. The servants, no doubt, knew where, but she could not bring herself to ask them. On the third day she wrote as follows. The reader will remember that that short scrawl which she addressed to him from her bedroom had not been sent.

"Dear George,—This is the first letter I have written to you as your wife, and it will be very sad. I do not think that you can have remembered that yours would be the first which I had ever received from my husband.

"Your order has crushed me altogether. It shall, nevertheless, be obeyed as far as I am able to obey it. You say something as to your means, and something also as to your house. In that you can not be obeyed. It is not possible that I should take your money or live in your house unless I am allowed to do so as your wife. The law, I think, says that I may do so. But the law, of course, can not compel a man to be a loving, tender husband, or even to accept the tenderness of a loving wife. I know what you owe me, but I know also that I can not exact it unless you can give it with all your heart. Your money and your house I will not have unless I can have them together with yourself. Your bread would choke me. Your roof would not shelter me. Your good things would be poison to me, unless you were here to make me feel that they were yours also as well as mine. If you mean to insist on the severity of your order, you will have to get rid of me altogether. I shall then have come across two men of which I do not know whether to wonder most at the baseness of the one or the cruelty of the other. In that case I can only return to my mother. In that case you will not, I think, care much what may become of me; but as I shall still bear your name, it is, I suppose, proper that you should know where I purpose living.

"But, dear George, dearest George—I wish you could know how much dearer to me, in spite of your cruelty, than all the world besides—I can not even yet bring myself to believe that we can forever be separated. Dear George, endeavor to think how small has been my offense, and how tremendous is the punishment which you propose. The offense is so small that I will not let myself down by asking your pardon. Had you said a word sitting beside me, even a word of anger, then I could have done so. I think I could have made you believe how altogether accidental it had been. But I will not do so now. I should aggravate my own fault till it would appear to you that I had done something of which I ought to be ashamed, and which perhaps you ought not to forgive. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed, and nothing certainly which you ought even to think it necessary to pardon."

When she had got so far she sat for a while thinking whether she would or would not tell him of the cause and the manner of her silence. Should she refer him to his sister, who understood so well how that silence had been produced? Should she explain to him that she had in the first case hesitated to tell him her story because her story had been so like to his own? But as she thought of it all, she declared to herself that were she to do so, she would in truth condescend to ask his pardon. What she required of him was that he should acknowledge her nature, her character, her truth, to be such that he had made a grievous mistake in attributing to her aught that was a just cause of anger. "You stupid girl, you foolish girl, to have given yourself and me such cause for discomfort!" That he should have said to her, with his arm round her waist—that and nothing more. Thinking of all this, she resolved not to go into that subject. Should she ever do so, it must be when he had come back to her, and was sitting there with his arm around her waist. She ended her letter, therefore, very shortly.

"As I must wait here till I hear from you, and can not even write to my mother till I do so, I must beg you to answer my letter quickly. I shall endeavor to go on without drawing any checks. If I find it necessary, I shall have to write to my mother for money.

"Your most affectionate wife,

"Cecilia Western.

"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!"

Then, as she did not like to send the letter out among the servants without any address, and thus to confess to them that she did not know where her husband had gone, she directed the letter to him at his club in London.

During the next day or two the pity of the servants, the silent, unexpressed pity, was very hard to bear. As each morning came, her punishment seemed to become more and more intolerable to her. She could not read. There were none among her friends, not even her mother, to whom she could write. It was still her hope, her faintest hope, that she need confess to none of them the fact that her husband had quarrelled with her. She could only sit and ponder over the tyranny of the man who by his mere suspicions could subject a woman to so cruel a fate. But on the evening of the third day she was told that a gentleman had called to see her. Mr. Graham sent his card in to her, and she at once recognized Mr. Graham as her husband's attorney. She was sitting at the open window of her own bedroom, looking into the garden, and she was aware that she had been weeping. "I will be down at once," she said to the maid, "if Mr. Graham will wait."

"Oh, ma'am, you do take on so dreadfully!" said the girl.

"Never mind, Mary. I will come down and see Mr. Graham if you will leave me."

"Oh, ma'am—oh, Miss Holt, I have known you so long! may I not say a word to you?"

"I am not Miss Holt. I am still entitled to bear my husband's name." Then the girl, feeling herself to have been rebuked, was leaving the room, when her mistress jumped up from her seat, took her in her arms, and kissed her. "Oh, Mary," she said, "I am unhappy—so unhappy! But pray do not tell them. It is true that you have known me long, and I can trust you." Then the girl, crying much more bitterly than her mistress, left the room.

In a few minutes Cecilia followed her, and entered the parlor into which Mr. Graham had been shown, without a sign of tears upon her cheeks. She had been able to assume a look of injured feminine dignity, of almost magnificent innocence, by which the lawyer was much startled. She was resolved at any rate to confess no injury done by herself to her husband, and to say nothing to Mr. Graham of any injury done by him to her. Mr. Graham, too, was a gentleman, a man over fifty years of age, who had been solicitor to Mr. Western's father. He knew the husband in this case well, but he had as yet known nothing of the wife. He had been simply told by Mr. Western to understand that he, Mr. Western, had no fault to find with the lady; that he had not a word to say against her; but that unfortunately circumstances had so turned out that all married happiness was impossible for him. Mr. Graham had endeavored to learn the facts; but he had been aware that Mr. Western was a man who would not bear to be cross-examined. A question or two he had asked, and had represented to his client how dreadful was the condition to which he was condemning both the lady and himself. But his observations were received with that peculiar cold civility which the man's manner assumed when he felt that interference was taken in matters which were essentially private to himself. "It is so, Mr. Graham, that in this case it can not be avoided. I wish you to understand that all pecuniary arrangements are to be made for Mrs. Western which she herself may desire. Were she to ask for everything I possess, she must have it—down to the barest pittance." But at this moment he had not received his wife's letter.

There was a majesty of beauty about Mrs. Western by which Mr. Graham was startled, but which he came to recognize before the interview was over. I can not say that he understood the cause of the quarrel, but he had become aware that there was much in the lady very much on a par with her husband's character. And she, when she found out, as she did instinctively, that she had to deal with a gentleman, dropped something of the hauteur of her silence. But she said not a word as to the cause of their disagreement. Mr. Graham asked the question in the simplest language. "Can you not tell me why you two have quarrelled so quickly after your marriage?" But she simply referred him to her husband. "I think you must ask Mr. Western about that." Mr. Graham renewed the question, feeling how important it was that he should know. But she only smiled, and again referred him to her husband. But when he came to speak to her about money arrangements, she smiled no longer. "It will not be necessary," she said.

"But it is Mr. Western's wish."

"It will not be necessary. Mr. Western has decided that we must—part. On that matter I have not a word to say. But there will be nothing for any lawyer to do on my behalf. If Mr. Western has made up his mind, I will return to my mother. I can assure you that no steps need be taken as to money. No steps will be possible," she added, with all that feminine majesty which was peculiar to her. "I understand from you that Mr. Western's mind is made up. You can tell him that I shall be ready to leave this house for my mother's in—let me say a week." Mr. Graham went back to town, having been able to make no other arrangement. He might pay the servants' wages—when they were due—and the tradesmen's bills; but for herself and her own peculiar wants Mrs. Western would take no money. "You may tell Mr. Western," she said, "that I shall not have to encroach on his liberality." So Mr. Graham went back to town; and Mrs. Western carried herself through the interview without the shedding of a tear, without the utterance of a word of tenderness, so that the lawyer on leaving her hardly knew what her wishes were.

"Nevertheless, I think it is his doing," he said to himself. "I think she loves him."

CHAPTER XIV.

TO WHAT A PUNISHMENT!

Mr. Western, when he received his wife's letter, after having given his instructions to the lawyer, was miserable enough. But not on that account did he think of changing his purpose. He had made up his mind—as men say—and having made it up, he assured himself that he had done it with ample cause. He could not quite explain to himself the reasons for his anger. He did not quite know what were the faults of which he accused his wife. But he was sure that his wrath was just, and had come from sins on her part which it would be unbecoming as a man and a husband that he should condone. And his anger was the hotter because he did not know what those sins were. There had been some understanding, so he thought, between his wife and Sir Francis Geraldine which was derogatory to his honor. There had been an understanding and a subsequent quarrel, and Sir Francis Geraldine had been base enough to inform him of the understanding because of the quarrel. Sir Francis, no doubt, had been very base, but not on that account had his wife been less a sinner. What was it to him that Sir Francis should be base? No vice, no lies, no cruelty, on the part of Sir Francis were anything to him. But his wife—that she whom he had taken to his bosom as his own, that she in whom he had believed, she who was to be the future depositary of all his secrets, his very second self—that she, in the very moment in which he had exposed to her the tenderness of his heart, that she should then have entertained a confidential intercourse with such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine, an intercourse of which she had intended that he should know nothing—that, that was more than he could endure. It was this, this feeling that he was to know nothing of it, which was too much for him. It seemed to him that he had been selected to be a stalking-horse for them in their intercourse. It was not that he ever accused his wife of illicit love. He was not base enough to think her so base as that. But there had been some cause for a mysterious alliance as to which he had been kept in the dark. To be kept in the dark, and by his own wife, was the one thing that was unendurable. And then the light had been let in upon him by that letter from Sir Francis, in which Sir Francis had offered "such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighborhood"! The intention had been that this old friendship should be renewed under his roof, and be renewed without any information being given to him that it had ever previously existed. This was the feeling that had made it incumbent on him to repudiate a wife who had so treated him. This was the feeling which forbade him to retire from his suicidal purpose. His wife had had a secret, a secret which it was not intended that he should share, and her partner in the secret had been that man whom of all men he had despised the most, and who, as he now learned, had been only the other day engaged to marry her. In fostering his wrath he had declared to himself that it was but only the other day; and he had come to think that at the very moment in which he had told Cecilia Holt of all his own troubles, she had then, even then, been engaged to this abominable baronet. "I have got another man to offer to marry me, and therefore our engagement, which is a trouble to us both, may now be over." Some such communication as this had been made, and he had been the victim of it.

And yet, as he thought of all this, and nursed his rage, and told himself how impossible it was that he should even pretend to live with such a woman with continued confidence, even then he was at moments almost overcome by the tenderness of his recollections. He had loved her so entirely, and she, to his outward eyes and outward ears, had been so fit to be loved! He had thanked his stars that after running into so great a peril with that other lady, it had at last been given to him to settle his heart where it might dwell securely. She had required from him no compliments, none of the little weaknesses of love-making, no pretenses, had demanded from him the taking of no trouble which would have grated against his feeling. She had been everything that his very soul desired. Even on the day after their wedding he had been able to sit down with her in a quiet and assured conviction that she was all that he wanted to make him happy. And she had played her part so well! She had been to him as though it had been a fresh thing to her to love a man with all her heart, and to be able to talk to him of her love. And yet she the while was in secret and most intimate communication with a man to whom he had been in the habit of applying within his own breast all the vilest epithets which the language could afford. "Swindler, thief, scoundrel," were the terms he had thought of. In his dislike to the ways of the world in general, he had declared to himself that the world admitted such as Sir Francis within its high places without disgust. This was the man who had coolly demanded to be intimate with him, and had done so in order that he might maintain his acquaintance with his wife!

We know how wrong he was in these thoughts—how grievously he wronged her of whom he was thinking. Of the worst of all these sins she was absolutely innocent—of so much the worst that the fault of which she had not been innocent was not worth regarding when thought of in reference to that other crime. But still it was thus that he believed, and though he was aware that he was about to submit himself to absolute misery in decreeing their separation, yet there was, to his thinking, no other remedy. He had been kept in the dark. To the secrets of others around him he was, he declared to himself, absolutely indifferent. They might have their mysteries, and it would be nothing to him. He had desired to have one whose mysteries should be his mysteries, who should share every thought of his heart,

and of whose secret thoughts he desired to keep the only key. He had flattered himself that it was so, and this had been the result. It may be doubted whether his misery were not altogether as bitter as hers.

"Of course she shall live with her mother if she pleases it," he said to Mr. Graham on the following morning. "As to money, if she will name no sum that she requires, I must leave it to you to say what in justice ought to be allowed to her. You know all the circumstances of my property."

"But I know none of the circumstances of your marriage," replied Mr. Graham.

"They were altogether of the usual kind."

"None of the circumstances of your separation, I should have said."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Western, gloomily.

"It will be very difficult to give her any advice."

"You may take it, if you will, that the fault is all mine. I would provide for her as I should be bound to do if by my own cruelty or my own misconduct I had driven her from me." He had no idea as he said this that by his own cruelty and his own misconduct he was driving her from him.

"My conviction is that she will take nothing," said Mr. Graham.

"In a matter of business she must take it. The money must be paid to her, let her do what she will with it. Even though it should be thrown into the sea, I must pay it."

"I think you will find that she has a will of her own."

"And she will find that I have," said Mr. Western, with a frown. It was exactly on this point that the husband and wife were being separated. He had thought that she had calculated that when once they were married, she had carried her purpose in spite of his will. But he would let her understand that it was not so. She had so far succeeded that she was entitled to bear his name, but she had not mastered him in the matter, and should not do so.

"It is a thousand pities, Mr. Western. You will allow me to say so, but it is a thousand pities. A most handsome lady, with a fine lady-like air. One in a thousand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONEY ISLAND.

That Coney Island has achieved a national reputation goes without saying. It is as well known as Niagara Falls, Long Branch, or Saratoga, and one of its greatest wonders lies in the fact that this well-established fame rests upon a basis of so short a period of time. Ten years ago it was considered disreputable to go to Coney Island, and when by chance respectable persons strayed down to its cluster of surf-beaten sand-dunes, they said as little as possible about the trip upon their return.

At that time the Pavilion at the extreme west end of the island flourished under the direction of an ex-prize-fighter and a well-known gambler, and was reached by boats, as it is now. Then came the long tiresome line of beach, broken only by an occasional whitewashed shanty inhabited by fishermen, or occupied by those whose calling was of the lowest, between the west end Pavilion and the centre of the island, where stood the cluster of shed-like beer saloons and dance halls that constituted the chief attractions of Coney Island proper. Beyond these to the east stretched, as far as the eye could see, a range of shifting sand-dunes, supporting a sparse growth of grass or stunted shrubbery, and the glistening beach, up which swept the curling breakers, whose beauty attracted so little attention that, when one of the excursionists chanced to stroll that way from Cable's, his figure formed a notable point for the eye to rest upon.

To this central point of resort the only means of access for a long time was private conveyance, or the uncomfortable horse-cars that made half-hourly trips from Prospect Park. When, seven years ago, Mr. Gunther opened his steam railroad, which had previously depended for support upon the local business of Bath, Locust Grove, and other stations along its route, people said, "What folly! as though Coney Island could support a steam railroad in addition to the boats and horse-cars already running!"

New-Yorkers had become so accustomed to regarding Coney Island as a low resort that they could not realize its possibilities. This was left for Yankee enterprise, and it was only eight years ago that Colonel Corbin, of New England, visited Coney Island, and at once, with a foresight amounting to genius, mapped out its future. In 1876 the Manhattan Beach Hotel was built, the following year it and the narrow-gauge railroad connecting it with the city by way of Bay Ridge were opened, and Coney Island was revolutionized. When the Manhattan was first thrown open to the public there was nothing save the hotel and a few plank walks leading down through the deep sand to the beach. Where now are the music stand, the pavilion, the bath-houses, the trim lawns with their gay flower beds, and the substantial promenades, all was loose white sand.

The second year saw great improvements in the Manhattan surroundings, and in that year the Brighton Beach Hotel sprang up like a mushroom, erected by New York and Brooklyn capitalists, who, with their eyes opened by the energy of the Yankees, determined to secure their share of the spoils before it was too late. With the Brighton Beach was opened another railway, and this hotel had the advantage over its rival of being close beside the fine newly opened Ocean Parkway, or drive from Prospect Park to Coney Island.

In the mean time a new steam railway had been built to the old resorts in the centre of the island, and the old shed-like dance-houses and beer saloons were rapidly disappearing before new and elegant structures erected in ambitious rivalry of their neighbors on the east. Two years ago an immense impetus was given to Coney Island travel by the inauguration of the Iron Pier and Iron Steamboat system. An iron pier, running out a great distance into the sea, was built so firmly in the shifting sands as to defy the severest storms. It was furnished with saloons, restaurants, bathrooms, and a vast breezy promenade, lighted at night by electricity, and provided with an excellent band of music. Running to it is the finest fleet of steamboats ever built for summer pleasure travel. This fleet comprises seven steamers, all built of iron, provided with water-tight bulkheads, lighted by electricity, and furnished with every appliance for safety known to modern science. These boats make half-hourly trips, and occupy an hour in going from the Battery down the Bay, through the Narrows, and along the eastern shore of Coney Island to the Iron Pier.

Two years ago also saw the erection of the finest hotel on Coney Island, the Oriental. This splendid building is located about half a mile east of the Manhattan, and is owned by the same company. With its beautiful grounds, its broad piazzas commanding an unobstructed view of the open ocean in front, the spray from which is flung almost to them, and behind it the smooth waters of Sheepshead Bay, and its gay fleet of pleasure-boats and fine summer residences on the opposite side, this fine structure, which sprang into all the glory of its existence between two seasons, seems as wonderful as Aladdin's palace. It is for permanent guests only, and offers no inducement to the transient visitors of a day.

Last year a second iron pier was built, and this year it too is under the control of the Iron Steamboat Company, who run their boats to both piers.

Coney Island is now in the full tide of its prosperity, and the status of its different sections has become well established and understood. Beginning at the west end, the old Pavilion, commanding a grand view of the ocean, bay, and Narrows, by far the finest on the island, is still largely patronized, but by a class who are glad to buy round-trip tickets for twenty-five cents, and obtain their bathing suits for te nor fifteen cents more The same old stretch of beach exists between here and the centre of the island; but there the change is indeed wonderful. The two iron piers disgorge a constant stream of travellers who have come by the iron steamboats, while on the other side the railroads bring in and deposit thousands more. Near by the piers rises, three hundred feet into the air, the skeleton iron observatory brought from the Centennial Exhibition grounds in Philadelphia; and not far from it stands one of its old Centennial neighbors, a great iron exhibition building, now a vast hotel, known as the Sea Beach Palace. Dozens of other buildings, all gay with flags and streamers, many bands of music, bazars, catch-pennies of all descriptions, and the crowds of merry holiday-makers who swarm amongst them, give this portion of the island the air of some great exhibition or world's fair, and make it the favorite resort of the student of human nature.

From here the visitor, for five cents, is whirled away over a miniature elevated railroad to Brighton Beach; or he may, for the same sum, ride in a coach along the asphalt of the "Concourse" to the same destination. At Brighton Beach, though the crowd is great and the attractions many, there is less noise, and more people sit quietly in front of the great music stand and listen appreciatively to the orchestra, or to Levy, the cornetist. Here, too, a fine beach still remains in front of the bulkhead, on which hundreds of happy children dig in the sand or wade into the surf, screaming with delight when a huge wave rushes up the hard sands after them.

There is now no way of reaching Manhattan from Brighton Beach except the little two-minute railroad, over which the fare is five cents; but Manhattan once reached, the visitor is well repaid for going, it is so quiet and so cool, the people are so well dressed, and the music of Gilmore's Band is so superior to that of any other on the island. The beach for bathing, and for the children to wade and dig sand on, is beyond the bathing pavilion, and out of sight and hearing of the hotel. The lawns are more extensive here than elsewhere, the flowers brighter and more numerous. A fine board walk, built over the bulkhead, against which the great waves dash with a deep roar, frequently flinging their spray high above it, connects the Manhattan with the Oriental; but there we will not go unless we are millionaires prepared to stay a week or more; for the notices in the corridors and on the piazzas to the effect that transient visitors are not wanted would make us feel uncomfortable if we were to see them, and detract largely from the self-complacency with which we enjoy the comforts of the Manhattan, where "transients" are welcomed.

In addition to its other attraction, Coney Island is possessed of one of the finest race-courses in the country, and the summer meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club are already famous.

A novel feature of Coney Island is the advertising boats, small sloops or schooners which, with huge advertisements painted on their sails, forever cruise back and forth before the principal beaches. Could any form of a sailor's life be more monotonous than this, to be always sailing but never reaching a port?

But of all its many aspects the most fascinating is that presented at night, when the island is thronged with the toilers of the great city, who enjoy their liberty the more because of the recent confinement of the day. Then land and sea are lighted by hundreds of great electric lamps; then the bands play their choicest music, and nearly every night from some one of the beaches gayly colored fire-works are displayed. Having listened to portions of the programmes of the principal orchestras, strolled on the beaches, and seen the fire-works, the greatest crowd of the evening assembles on one or the other of the great iron piers, and there, fanned by the coolest breezes, soothed by the lapping waves, and quieted by the soft music of the band out at the end of the pier, they take a farewell look at the island, which from that distance appears indeed an enchanted city.

The last boat leaves the island at eleven o'clock, and on these warm, pleasant nights the temptation to linger beside the ocean as long as possible is so great that there is always a rush for it. On page 473 our artist has faithfully depicted the scene of hurry and bustle presented on the pier when the last boat blows her warning whistle, and the throngs of gay pleasure-seekers are about to leave Coney Island to another night of peace and quiet.

FRESH AIR FOR CITY CHILDREN.

One of the pleasantest and most beneficent of charities is that which goes by the name of the "*Tribune* Fresh-air Fund," by means of which hundreds of the poor children of New York are sent into the country and placed for a fortnight in healthful homes among the farmers. One of our artists, Mr. Rogers, accompanied a band of these little waifs to the shores of Lake Champlain, and some of the incidents of the trip, and of their first experiences of country life, will be found depicted in his sketches on page 476.

Many of the children had never seen the country, and their delight as they passed up the Hudson in the steamboat *City of Troy* was indescribable. "Oh, look! there's trees—green trees!" shouted a pale-faced lad of ten as he pointed across the deck toward the Jersey hills, which never looked more beautiful and inviting. His discovery was warmly appreciated, and following his lead, fifty children ran to look at the trees which were "so pretty." From this time the party was about evenly divided, some gazing with rapture on the hills and rocks which foreshadow the Palisades, while the rest still watched with sorrow the smoking city from which many of them were being separated for the first time.

The trip up the river was enlivened by a concert by the children, which afforded pleasant entertainment to the other passengers, and moved a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, who remembered the hard struggle of his own boyhood, to contribute twenty-five dollars to the fund. Each of the children carried a bundle containing clothing and something to eat, and all guarded their packages in the most careful manner. Although wild with excitement, they behaved in a very orderly manner, under the superintendence of the Rev. Willard Parsons and his four assistants.

At Troy the children were treated by Mr. Shepard Tappan to a substantial breakfast at one of the hotels, and then left the city for Plattsburgh, under the care of Mr. C. J. Treadwell. At that place the ninety-six children composing the party were distributed among the farmers who had invited them to spend a fortnight at their homes. All were wild with their new life, and eager to take part in country work, and to watch some of them one would think that digging potatoes and hoeing corn was the most enviable lot in life. One lad, whose picture is given, was so taken with a family of kittens that he packed them all into a carpet bag, with the intention of bringing them to New York!

Money can not be better expended than in sending the poor children of the city into the country, even for a brief vacation, and it is to be hoped that the contributions to the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund will pour in with increasing liberality.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A result of the labor agitation now going on in this city is the bringing together of different nationalities in a way that has not been paralleled in the United States. If the amalgamation continues, there will soon be no suggestion of incongruity in the expression "an Italian from Cork," for all considerations having to do with place of birth will have disappeared, and nationality will appear in only the features and names of those engaged in the struggle against what they regard as the tyranny of the money power. So far as sentiment is concerned, there will be no such thing as nationality. The names, however, will remain as reminders of the lands whence they came, and there is not likely to be any confusion in this respect, except possibly in the case of a Mahoney or a Majone, either of which names as it appeals to the sense of hearing might be taken for an Irish or an Italian patronymic. Not long ago a deputation of Italians went before the Mayor with a request for higher wages, accompanied by a young woman as their interpreter. The Mayor—who, by-the-way, is said to be an accomplished linguist—complimented the young woman on her Italian, and asked what part of Italy she came from. Her reply was that she came from Ireland, and had never been in any part of Italy. The commissary department of the striking laborers' organization is an interesting feature. Provisions and money are dealt out to Italians and Russian Jews by polyglot committees, and the most brotherly feeling seems to exist all around. The obliteration of lines of nationality is said to be the work largely of the organization known as the Knights of Labor, which is credited with secretly directing the freight-handlers' strike, and which aims to secure unity of action in all labor movements.

After contemplating the political situation in Alabama since the indorsement of the Independent ticket by the Republicans, a Kansas paper announces, "The chances now are that the ticket will be elected, and counted out."

President Arthur is reported as having said that he has heard a great deal about malaria in Washington, but that up to the time of his remark he had found the atmosphere and surroundings of the White House very delightful. It is a liberty which malaria takes that it makes its appearance suddenly, without having requested that a time be appointed for the matter to come up for argument.

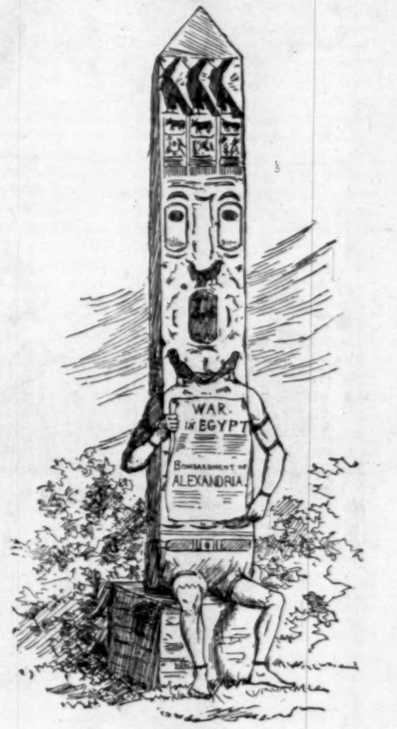
The people of Long Branch are entitled to great credit for the moral uprightness which enables them to acknowledge that the whale recently cast up on the shore near that resort is only fifteen feet long.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says that the failure of Tennessee to pay the State debt is due to whiskey and dogs, and the people are seriously thinking of trying to get along without the latter till the State gets on its feet again.

Think of the manager of the Nazareth telegraph office turning to an operator with the inquiry, "Can you raise Bethlehem?" yet this may happen any day.

A newly wedded couple while making the tour of Dubuque came upon some sand-hill cranes in the Park. "By gosh!" exclaimed the groom, "them's the biggest snipe yet."

The war in Egypt has occasioned a sharp advance in the price of gum-arabic, and it is said that the probabilities are that the price will stick at the advanced figure.



"GOOD THING I LEFT!"

A police-court reporter in Cincinnati describes a bruise on a negro's head as being "black as the condor wing of midnight." It will thus be seen that all the able writers in that city are not exclusively engaged on musical criticisms.

General Howard made some pretty lively marches when trying to head off the elusive red men of the West; but it is said that he never knew what rapid manœuvres were till he attempted to put a stop to flirting at West Point.

Suggestion by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "To her boast of the fairest women, the fastest horses, and the finest whiskey, Kentucky ought to add that she has more and longer school commencements and less education than any other State in the whole Union."

Somebody speaks of the "girl graduate fresh from Commencement." Which serves as a reminder that the boy graduate was fresh four years before Commencement.

There is a strong anti-Egyptian feeling in Virginia. Some have even gone so far as to style Arabi Bey the Billy Mahone of Egypt.

A number of speculative merchants of Norway have obtained the right of cutting blocks from the great glacier on the Senjen Island. The glacier is about 120 miles square, and the distance from its border to the sea is only two miles. It is believed that the ice can be profitably exported. Blocks have been carried to the city of Bergen, and the quality of the ice is said to be good. It can be advertised as of the crop of the year 1.

In Egypt they say "Arabi Bey"; in Ireland, "Arrah, baby."

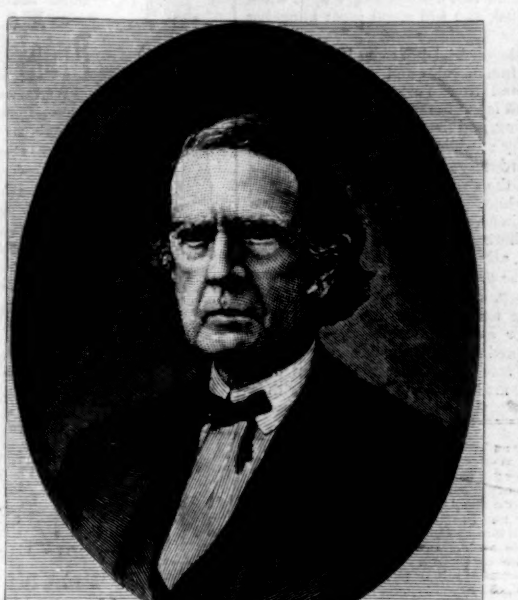
One of the afternoon attractions of the drives in the upper part of the city is the chance of seeing the fastest team in the world out for an airing. A few days ago Mr. Frank Work's team Dick Swiveller and Edward trotted a mile on the Gentlemen's Driving Park in the unprecedented time of 2.16½. The trial of speed came off quietly one afternoon, but the result was so noteworthy that it became the talk of the clubs in the evening. It isn't often that the best record for trotting is lowered 2¾ seconds by a single performance.

THE "TRIBUNE" FRESH-AIR FUND—CHILDREN'S EXCURSION TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 475.]

THE REV. BISHOP LEVI SCOTT.

The Rev. Levi Scott, D.D., the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home, near Odessa, Delaware, on Thursday, July 13. He had held the episcopal office thirty years, but had not performed active duty since 1880. Among Methodists he was esteemed as a man of great simplicity and purity of character. In early life he was bred to a trade; but after joining the Philadelphia Conference in 1826, he devoted himself to study, and especially to the Latin and Greek languages. His success as a student won for him some distinction, so that from 1840 to 1843 he held with credit the position of Principal of the Grammar School of Dickinson College. He was, however, better known as a superior preacher and a judicious administrator. Thoroughly convinced himself of the truth of Christianity, he presented its claims with unusual cogency of argument and warmth of feeling. Bishop Scott belonged to the early race of Methodist itinerants, and shared largely in the qualities which made them successful. From 1848 to 1852 he was one of the agents of the Methodist Publishing House in New York. He was elected to the episcopate in 1852, and soon after sailed for Liberia, and spent several months in examining the Methodist Episcopal Mission on that coast.

In obedience to the law of the Church, Bishop Scott's episcopal life was spent in constant travel. The period during which he held office was one of great activity and much controversy, but he commended himself to all by his equanimity, gentleness, and love of justice. In critical junctures his sweetness of temper and his purpose to seek and do the right carried him safely through every perplexity. In all his journeyings he turned with fondness to the old homestead where he was born, and where he found at last a resting-place. After fifty-two years of unflagging labor, he was permitted to enjoy here two added years of quiet waiting till the end should come.



THE LATE BISHOP SCOTT.

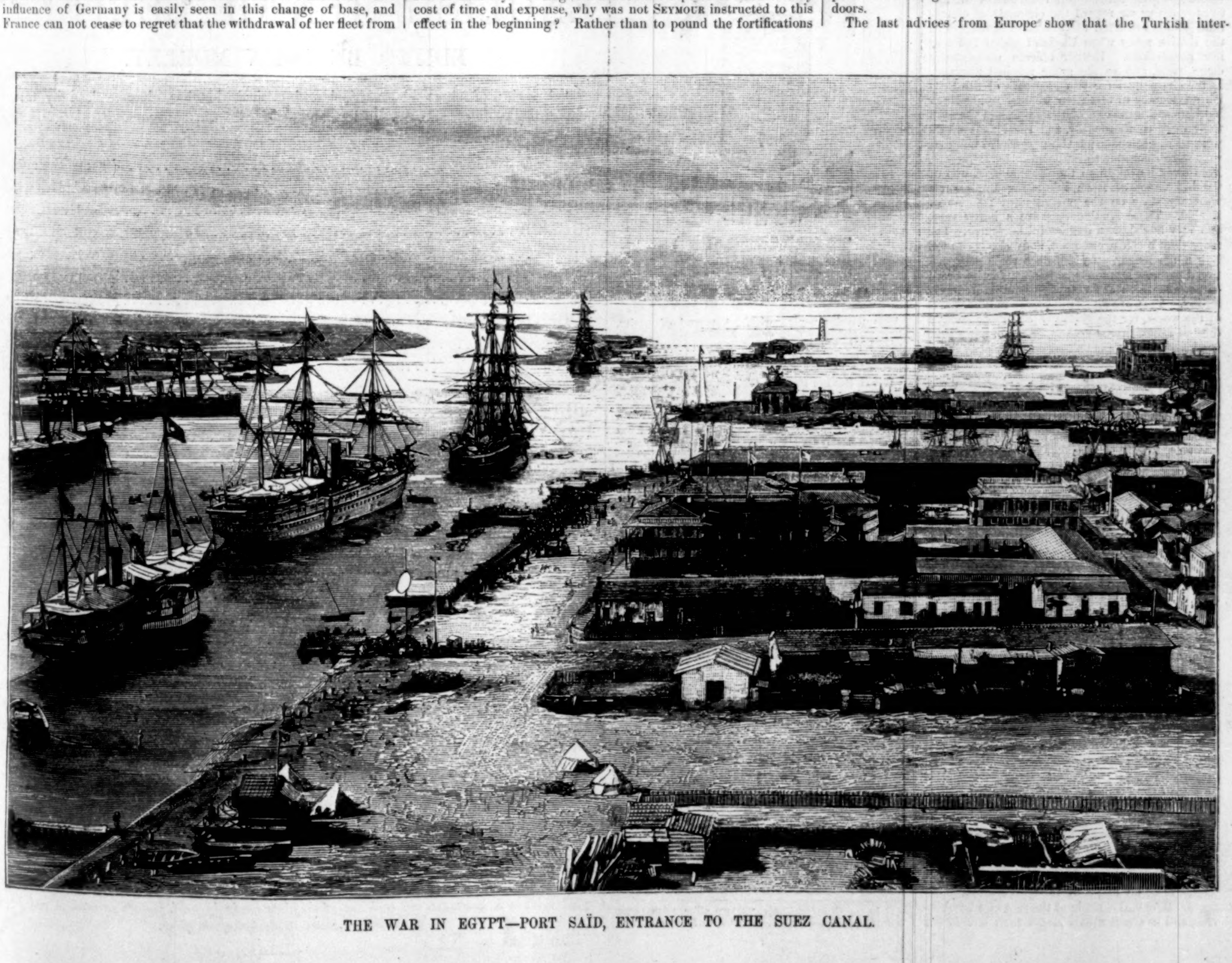
THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

The present lull in the Egyptian *émeute* affords an opportunity for inquiry *a priori* in this world-wide theme. The tone of the American press is largely at variance in its presentation of the Egyptian crisis, influential papers presenting divergent opinions on the right and wrong side of Great Britain's programme in Egypt. Therefore to the unbiased mind the question naturally arises, To what source of information should we turn for the truth? When the condition of Egypt and her people, the effect of Christian influences and teachings, are carefully studied, the result of the enforced relationship between them produces but one answer germane to an impartial investigation. From the outstart the Anglo-French control was eyed with suspicion by the tax-payer in Egypt. Its results have verified this feeling, and to-day England and France are forced into the recognition of the fatal policy and its consequent results which an arbitrary estimation of Egyptian plasticity in their hands has produced. Egyptian liberty of thought and government is sneered at by England. The interest she has in Egyptian revenues and the Suez Canal forces her to maintain that dominance at any cost to herself, and, in the opinion of many, to her shame. Through the usurious demands of the control, and the allowances accorded the Khedive's establishment, the seeds of discontent were sown. When England and France joined hands in an agreement to maintain a policy in Egypt ruinous to that country, the employment of military intervention was tacitly understood. The objection of any of the powers to this plan was not to be feared. Gambetta's and Lord Lyons's ratification of this policy was partially disrupted by the resignation of the former, and M. De Freycinet was not slow in his appeal against such measures when he found himself the successor of Gambetta. The influence of Germany is easily seen in this change of base, and France can not cease to regret that the withdrawal of her fleet from Alexandria is accredited to the influence of the German Chancellor by the other powers. What she will do in the future is not certain, but her desire to re-establish the Anglo-French control at the earliest moment is an indication that Gambetta's policy is not without backers in Paris.

When England informed the powers that her interests in Egypt demanded the concentration of her men-of-war at Alexandria, unless the Conference at Constantinople produced a speedy solution for the Egyptian crisis, Europe seemingly concurred with her. Her assertion that Arabi was a half-crazy, bigoted fellow, the leader of a band of fanatics, in whose hands Egypt would be led into an abyss of anarchy, has not been wholly verified, and her subsequent treatment of this Egyptian Masaniello has evoked the ill-concealed smiles of Germany and Austria. The latter powers are only too willing to afford England an opportunity to effect Arabi's overthrow; but if she accomplishes this, her subsequent policy in Egypt will receive close scrutiny before meeting with approval from any of the powers in Europe. Each fears the other to a certain degree. The inability of the Conference to settle the vexed question proves the want of accord between those represented therein, and the Sultan is accredited with the possession of the only key to the situation, which he at present is apparently unwilling to use. If England, through her representative before Alexandria, Admiral Seymour, had undertaken a line of action seeking the preservation of Alexandria while intent on the capture of Arabi, her position now would not be so perplexing and full of difficulty. If England desired the capture of Arabi at any cost of time and expense, why was not Seymour instructed to this effect in the beginning? Rather than to pound the fortifications into dust in one day, would not a policy seeking the gradual investment of Alexandria by the concentration of troops outside her gates have proved more effectual? Such a line of action would have produced this result at least—the preservation of the city. Admiral Seymour claims to have acted on the line of self-defense in firing on the forts. What would have resulted had he withdrawn to the outer harbor in his ships, awaited re-enforcements from Malta and Gibraltar, and when in possession of a sufficient number of troops effected a landing on each side of Alexandria, his guns protecting the movement from the water-front? Arabi was in no position to resist such action. Comprehending the movement, he would possibly have made a weak defense, and then retreated to the interior, leaving the city in possession of the English forces. No time would have been given to fire the city to any extent, all looting by the mob would have been checked by the immediate capture of Alexandria, and to-day, instead of a fearful record of crime and sacking to account for, Great Britain would be accredited with a stroke of military strategy worthy of her reputation as the exemplar of the art of war in Europe.

This outlined policy, however, though suggested by common-sense, could not be effected, the needed permission of the Conference being necessary to land troops in Egypt. England almost encouraged Arabi in his uprising by instructing Seymour not to recognize any demonstrations from Arabi unless addressed to the safety of the English fleet. Recognizing this through Seymour's tactics, Arabi continued to strengthen his fortifications, and finally produced the very result he longed for—an attack on Alexandria. He knew that such would involve England with the other powers, shoulder her with heavy responsibility, and greatly complicate the situation in Egypt. And such has been the result thus far. Alexandria is wasted, Cairo is in imminent danger, the whole Moslem empire is shaken to its centre, and England has to face the added difficulties, with a certain knowledge that the end of the war she has created in Egypt is afar off, and that every step she now takes will be watched with eager, suspicious eyes by the other powers. Had the firmness she now displays been instilled into her first acts, had she instructed her representatives before Egypt to recognize the importance of Arabi's capture or ejection from Alexandria instanter, and announced to the world her ability to solve the Egyptian crisis, as the Conference could not, she would have crushed Arabi's further operations in the bud, and checked an uprising through Egypt, which is beyond her power now to accomplish. If Germany or any other power had objected to such summary proceedings on England's part, a decision would have been forced from the Conference. It is safe to say that Egypt's welfare is not the chief factor to be considered by the powers. Which can gain the most, with the least amount of expense and complication with any power by so doing, is the point at issue, and while this interesting question is under debate, Arabi complicates the situation by daily efforts successfully employed in the agitation of the anti-Christian phase throughout Egypt, Arabia, and Africa. It seems about time for the Conference to lay aside the idea of assistance from the Sultan, and act without regard for his diplomatic evasions of the real issue at stake. Turkish intervention can not be counted on, it being impossible for Abd-ul Hamid to sacrifice his spiritual interests in a matter now foreign to the welfare of his empire. He can not aid Europe without severance from all traditions of his creed, and the introduction of Turkish troops for six months, under the dictation of Anglo-French control, would produce no definite solution, and possibly precipitate the other powers into the war. Each claims to have interests in Egypt, a desire for the restoration of European control in Egyptian political and financial affairs, and at the same time evinces a dog-in-the-manger spirit when any solution involving larger returns to the power introducing it is advanced within or without the Conference doors.

The last advices from Europe show that the Turkish inter-



THE WAR IN EGYPT—PORT SAÏD, ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL.

vention is largely backed; that the Sultan still sits on the fence, undetermined, and begging the question with the Conference. Germany is growing bitter, and France more awakened to the loss she sustained in deserting England before Alexandria, and desirous of enforcing her claims in Egypt once more. Austria clings to Germany, and the Sultan secretly plays into ARABI's hands, encouraging him in his line of action, to the evident disgust of England. Within fifty miles of Alexandria, ARABI is intrenched, each day adding to his power of resisting the occupation of the Delta by foreign troops. Climatic and fanatic influences add to his power, and within his hand lies the destruction of the Suez Canal, the flooding of large portions of the Delta by rupturing the irrigating waterways threading it, the safety of Cairo, and the removal of a fresh-water supply from those who depend on it while defending the Suez Canal. His position and influence are not to be sneered at, nor are the various reports affecting the *personnel* and spirit of his followers to be fully depended upon in the formation of an opinion relative to the outcome of a war which England—and possibly one or more of the other powers—will have to fight out, in every sense of the word, before ARABI is proved the "upstart and adventurer of the nineteenth century."

THE GAME OF POLO.

THERE is no sport that attracts more interest and attention from all sorts of people than polo. The game is generally played in the neighborhood of the large cities, where land is expensive, and where horses are luxuries to be enjoyed by the favored few, and as both land and horses are necessary for the enjoyment of this game, the exciting and often dangerous sport of polo has naturally fallen, both in this country and in England, into the hands of young gentlemen with enviable bank accounts, and is considered exclusively an amusement of the wealthy. Nevertheless, whenever a game is played in this city, hundreds and often thousands of persons, rich and poor, take sufficient interest to pay an admission fee to the polo grounds. When two sides are at play on the level and highly appropriate spot selected by the clubs of New York, clad in their bright costumes, and mounted on the spryest of ponies, the picture is a brilliant one, and the spectators and their surroundings help to give animation to the scene. There are always a number of the leading ladies of New York society present, arrayed in costumes similar to those worn at the races, and generally there are four or five drags on the ground, drawn up in gorgeous line at one side of the inclosure.

We are likely to look upon polo as a new game, because it has been played in New York only within the last five or six years; but it is, on the contrary, one of the oldest forms of out-door amusement. Its little history is an interesting subject. Originating in the interior of India, where good horsemanship is regarded by the natives much as we regard the elements of education, it soon attracted the attention of officers in the British army when England added India to her possessions. British officers occasionally came home, and so the game reached England. It then remained for two members of the British aristocracy to teach our wealthy young New-Yorkers the mysteries of the game, and they did their work so thoroughly, and the New-Yorkers were so apt at acquiring the necessary skill, that they were soon able to vanquish their instructors. Polo owes its origin to the Munipoorees, one of the hill tribes of India, inhabiting Munipoor, a tributary state on the northeastern frontier of Bengal. These Munipoorees are a hardy race, and very fine though ungraceful horsemen. For more than a century at least, and nobody can tell how much longer, polo has been their great national game. Munipoor is famous for its breed of ponies, which are very fleet and exceedingly strong. They are almost unknown in other parts of the world, for the Rajah of Munipoor levies a duty of about fifteen dollars, or much more than the home value of the animal, on every pony taken out of his dominions. The ponies are generally about twelve hands high, and some of them are capable of carrying men of from fourteen to seventeen stone in weight. These natives know the game by the name of Kunfai—their word for any game or amusement. They play it to perfection, and so skillful are they that they can strike the ball from all four sides of the pony—from in front of his head, behind him, or from either side—and it is necessary to have some little experience with the game to know what a difficult feat that is. When following the ball straight across the ground, they invariably drop the bridle, and seize the "stick," or long mallet, with both hands, and the ball is never still for a moment. The Europeans in Eastern Bengal have never been able to compete successfully with the natives.

The Indian mode of playing polo is very nearly the same as that in vogue in England and America. There are usually seven players on a side, all mounted on ponies, and a series of seven or nine games decides the match. The ground is generally 120 yards long by 80 yards wide. There is a "goal" at each end, consisting of two poles with flags, and it is the object of each set of players to drive the ball through the goal of their opponents. Whenever the ball is struck outside the boundary line, it is not to be touched by the players, but is thrown back by one of the spectators. At the beginning of the game the ball is put in position in the centre of the ground, and two players, one from each side, stand close up to it, facing each other. The other players range themselves behind, to defend their goals. The sticks used in India are long thick canes, inserted in the middle of a wooden roller about a foot long, and at an angle of thirty-five or forty degrees. The ball is made of the root of a bamboo-tree, and is about a half larger than one of our base-balls. This root becomes very light when thoroughly dried, and will stand great knocking about.

There is little material difference between these ancient East Indian rules and those adopted by the London and New York clubs. With our players the ball is put in the middle of the ground at the beginning, and five players from each side make a dash for it, while two on each side remain behind to guard the goals. The ball used in New York is much the size of a base-ball, but lighter, and painted white. English and American players wear distinctive colors, always bright, and frequently in horizontal stripes. Blue and white, red and white, and green and white are the favorite colors. The game has also brought into use a distinctive cap, known as the polo cap, so comfortable to the wearer, and so pretty and graceful, that other athletic associations have very generally adopted it. It is very small and light, brimless, and something after the pattern of a skull-cap, but made with stiffening, and with a flat crown.

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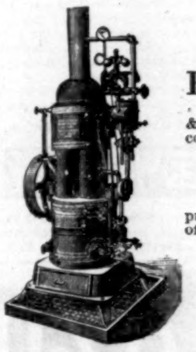

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